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Memoir of Mrs. Anna Maria
Morrison, of the North

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. ANNA MARIA MORRISON.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. ANNA MARIA MORRISON,

OF THE

NORTH INDIA MISSION.

BY THE

REV. E. J. RICHARDS.

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PREFACE.

A POPULAR writer justly remarks that "for the purposes of biography, those lives are the most eligible, that are the most imitable; and these are derived from characters that belong to our own community; that are found in the same relations and conditions with ourselves." The following pages are given to the world, not because they contain any thing novel or splendid, but because it is believed that they exhibit a character not merely imitable but worthy of imitation. The compiler has only to express his regret that the materials were not placed in abler hands. But however humble the estimate he might be disposed to place upon his own abilities, he did not feel at liberty to deny the urgent request of her parents, who were his friends, and of her bereaved husband, who for so many years had been the companion of his studies.

The object has not been to swell the size of the volume by an indiscriminate publication of every thing that came into his hands, but simply to introduce such *extracts* from her journals and correspondence, as were adapted to throw light upon her character, and to interest the general reader. And if these few and simple memorials shall serve to lodge a serious thought in the mind of a single youth, or win one soul to God — to excite in the bosom of one Christian a warmer love or holier zeal, or shall induce one of the "daughters of Zion" to consecrate youth and talents, health and life, to the work of giving the gospel to a dying world, the deceased will not have lived in vain, nor will the compiler lose his reward.

Philadelphia, March 7th, 1843.

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. ANNA MARIA MORRISON.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—EDUCATION—EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS—CONVERSION—REVIVAL IN BLOOMFIELD, N. J.—ITS CHARACTERISTICS AND EFFECTS.

The subject of the following memoir, Mrs. Anna Maria Morrison, was the second daughter of Dr. E. D. Ward of Bloomfield, N. J. She was born January 14, 1814. Both her parents were pious, and exemplary members of the Presbyterian church in that place. With her excellent and devoted mother, however, she was soon called to part; but her father still survives, to mourn, though not as without hope, over the early grave of his beloved daughter.

Of the childhood and youth of Anna, we have but little to record. Under the paternal roof, and in the society of affectionate brothers and sisters, they passed rapidly and pleasantly

away. And the possession of a singularly sweet and amiable disposition, rendered her a general favorite in the circle of her young associates. For even in childhood, she was distinguished for many of those lovely traits of character, which marked her maturer years—a strong and confiding affection, delicate sensibilities, and an almost morbid fear of inflicting a wound upon the feelings of others, by look, or tone, or gesture. Nor was she wanting in that beautiful simplicity and artlessness of manner, which give a peculiar charm to this period of life. Her juvenile studies were pursued in the schools of her native village. And though there was nothing extraordinary or precocious in the development of her faculties, yet she was not undistinguished among her companions for the love of knowledge, and the facility with which she usually acquired it. Soon after the death of her mother, she was placed at a flourishing school in Morristown, N. J., where she enjoyed superior advantages for the improvement of her moral and intellectual character. And although she was permit-

ted to continue here only about one year, yet by her diligence, her correct deportment, and her mild and amiable temper, she won the lasting esteem and attachment of the principal, and of many of her fellow pupils. We deem it a source of no little regret, that no part of the correspondence with them can now be recovered, so as to find a place among these simple memorials.

We have already observed, that Anna was blessed with pious parents. She was, therefore, brought to the altar in infancy, and dedicated to God in baptism. From a child she was carefuly instructed in the Holy Scriptures; and taught, both by precept and example, daily to feel and acknowledge her obligations to God. And, if we have been correctly informed, she was the subject of very early religious impressions. But these, although often visible and deep, were not lasting. In this particular, however, her case is by no means singular. Like the morning cloud and the early dew, the first serious impressions of childhood too frequently vanish away. But why is

it, that they are so seldom permanent or saving? It cannot, surely, be regarded as the result of a fatal necessity. We know of nothing, in reason or Scripture, that tends to discourage Christian parents from looking and laboring for the conversion of their children, while yet young. We are aware of the obstacles in the way. We know something of the proverbial levity and waywardness of the young mind; and the vagueness of its first impressions. And these, added to the natural aversion to divine things, which always exists, render it no easy task to chain the attention so as to lodge the deep convictions of truth and duty in the heart. The most faithful effort, too often, is as fruitless as the attempt to impress durable characters upon the shifting sand or the yielding wave. Yet it cannot be doubted but that the youthful mind is *susceptible* of saving impressions. We may go farther, and say that the mind, at that season, is in a state peculiarly favorable to be powerfully and permanently impressed. It has not yet been poisoned with error, warped with prejudice, nor

steeled against the convictions of truth, by long indulgence in sin. And moreover, the acknowledged fact, that God does, *occasionally*, seal instruction upon infant minds, and perfect praise from infant lips, shows that there is no natural impossibility in the case. And as soon could we doubt that it was the voice of God that aroused young Samuel from the slumbers of midnight, as that it is the Spirit who whispers in the ear of childhood, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." And if these seasons of visitation were always regarded, and if this first seriousness were cherished, by parental care and faithfulness, who can doubt, but that we should witness far more frequent and lovely examples of early piety? The time is predicted, and we believe is not far distant, when life will be consecrated to God in the bud; when *early piety* shall be the rule, and the instances rare indeed of one who shall "be born again when he is old."

But Anna seemed not, at first, to know that it was the Lord who called her. She therefore relapsed into deeper slumbers, after these

first awakenings. But still she was not long at ease. Her conscience was too tender, and too much enlightened to be silent; and hence the struggle was often severe between that faithful monitor and the impulses of the natural heart. And she has since acknowledged that in the most thoughtless period of her life there were moments when the conviction was forced upon her with great power, that religion was not only important but desirable. But there was time enough still; and she was disposed to postpone the consideration of it until she had numbered a few more years, and the effervescence of youthful feeling had passed away. Like multitudes of others Anna labored under a wrong impression in regard to the influence of religion. Strange as it may appear, yet despite the experience of the pious, and the testimony of God, it is regarded by the young as fitted only for age. And they promise themselves that, as age steals on, they will seek its consolation and support. But the path it marks out is *now* altogether too strait and thorny to be inviting. It fixes a ban upon

pleasure; chills the glow of feeling; represses the eagerness of desire; checks the ardor of pursuit; destroys the buoyancy of the spirits; and imparts to the countenance a gravity that is unnatural and severe. Its whole aspect is gloomy, unsocial, and forbidding. "Now is the time," exclaims the youth, "to *enjoy* life. I cannot bid farewell to the world forever, as a source of happiness, just as it opens before me its scenes of enchantment. I am not prepared to forego all its pleasures, and to enter upon the dull round of religious duty. No, I cannot become a Christian *now*. I am too young. The flush of youth is on my cheek; the vigor of youth is in my limbs; the tide of health is rushing through my veins; and the hopes of youth are enshrined within my heart; life is still all before me." Dear youthful reader, are these your feelings and reasonings? Too young to be a Christian! Who told thee so? Did God, who lays claim to thy first and best affections? Did the Bible, in the examples of early piety which it records? Life all before thee? And who gave thee that

assurance? Did the history of the past, or the observation of the present? Or did a voice come to thee from the tomb, as you gazed upon the memorials, and trod upon the ashes of the youthful, the lovely and the gay? Oh no, there is nothing there to encourage or justify an hour's delay in seeking the "one thing needful."

The reasonings of the young on this subject are utterly false, and often most fatal too. And that they were not so in the case of our young friend is to the praise of God's most free and sovereign grace. He called her yet again. It was not, however, until the year 1830, that she became the subject of those deep and pungent convictions, which, after a painful and protracted struggle, led her to cast herself upon the Lord Jesus Christ for pardon and salvation. In the summer of that year, it pleased the Lord to visit the church in Bloomfield* with one of those delighful seasons of refreshing, which marks its history with peculiar interest. It has,

* Then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Gideon N. Judd.

indeed, been like a well-watered garden, and as a field which the Lord has blessed. The writer was at this time a student in the Academy at that place. It was his privilege to witness the thrilling scenes, and to share in the blessings of that glorious work of grace. And memory still loves to dwell upon it as a spot of living green in life's arid wastes. He has since witnessed many precious revivals; but none so precious as that. It seemed as though it might be the beautiful type and representative of those predicted times of refreshing that are yet to bless the church, and usher in the millenium. There was nothing extraordinary, or new, in the measures employed in its commencement or progress. It was a blessing bestowed upon the ordinary and stated means of grace. The word was preached, instant, in season and out of season, with great plainness and pungency; and prayer, earnest, ardent, and believing, ascended to heaven from the closet, the social circle, and the sanctuary. Nor was it offered in vain. The Lord heard, and answered it in the descent of the Holy Spirit.

We have said that it occurred in summer time; yet it was something more than a *summer shower* in its duration and effects. It was more like one of those *continued* and *gentle* rains sent by a kind Providence to soften and refresh the parched and thirsty earth. The Spirit's influences were enjoyed during most of a year. Religion became the all-absorbing theme of conversation among the old and the young. The meetings were full, solemn, and deeply interesting. The voice of prayer and praise might be heard in almost every place. It was borne to the ear, in sweet, yet solemn cadences, upon the night air; and it often broke the deep stillness of midnight! The good work continued to advance, week after week, and month after month, with increasing interest and power, and yet there was no noise, nor bustle, nor parade. It was manifest to all, to the believer and the unbeliever, to the saint and the sinner, that God was there. It was not a season of *excitement* merely; but of *revival* and *renewal*. Although the subjects of renewing grace numbered more than one hundred—

of whom a large majority were young—yet we rejoice to have the testimony of the pastor, that, with few exceptions, they have continued to adorn their profession with a deportment becoming the gospel of Christ. And the watchfulness and fidelity of the pastor were no doubt instrumental in securing this happy result. They were not hurried into the church without being advised of the nature and solemnity of the transaction. Week after week these young converts were assembled, that each might receive such instruction and counsel as his case demanded. The strictest self-examination was continually urged upon them; and those tests skilfully and faithfully applied, by which each might determine his standing before God. And at the same time the utmost caution was observed, lest by undue severity he might "break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax," or by a mistaken tenderness, foster and encourage a fallacious and unfounded hope.

Of this interesting revival Anna was among the first fruits. And we are gratified that we have it in our power to introduce here a more

particular account of her conversion. It will be read with the greater interest, since it was furnished by one who was, no doubt, instrumental in leading her to the Saviour; and who afterwards sustained to her the most intimate and endearing relation.

"My acquaintance with her commenced on her return from school at Morristown. She was then, as she afterwards told me, thoughtless and unconcerned. Not long after this, however, she applied for a class in the Sabbath school, of which I was superintendent. I informed her that there was no class without a teacher, but if she would collect scholars and bring them into the school, she and they would be cheerfully admitted. Accordingly, in the course of two or three weeks, she brought her class, and with them, took her place in the school. She was young, and inexperienced in the discharge of the duties of her new station; but she appeared to feel a deep interest in her work, and a desire to learn her duty, and do it. I urged upon her, as well as upon her fellow-teachers, the importance of visiting their

scholars, and praying much for them. This troubled her; for she said, 'How can *I* pray for others, who have not yet learned to pray for myself?' To relieve her of a difficulty she felt in visiting the members of her class, I once accompanied her, to aid and encourage her in the discharge of this duty. And I then thought it a proper time to direct her attention more particularly to the concerns of her own soul. The question with which the subject was introduced—"What are *your* prospects for eternity?" appeared not merely to deepen impressions already made, but to be the means, in the hands of the Holy Spirit, of planting an arrow of conviction in her conscience. Her seriousness now continued to increase. It was, however, known only to her cousin," now Mrs. R., "until the commencement of the precious season of revival enjoyed by the Bloomfield church, during most of the year 1830. She was among the first in that revival who was known to be seriously inquiring what she should do to be saved. Of the character of her impressions, previous to that time, I could only judge, by

hearing her relate what she had felt; after this she frequently and freely communicated to me her feelings. And during the time that intervened between this and the breaking in of the first ray of hope upon her soul, her mental agony was extreme. She appeared almost in despair. I feel that it would be utterly vain for me to attempt a description of the agony which was depicted on her countenance, and found vent in every broken accent that she was able to utter. So great was her distress, that one evening after the family had retired, she paced the room for some time, deliberating upon the easiest method of putting an end to her life, and thereby terminating her present suffering! All this distress appeared to arise from a view of her sins, and not from apprehensions of coming wrath. In fact she appeared to think but little of punishment due to her sins, except when that subject was specially brought before her mind. But she obtained such a view of her own sinful character, as constrained her, in deep agony of soul, to cry, "Behold I am vile." The peace of mind

which followed this dreadful agony, was not of that rapturous kind which many have experienced; nor was it introduced suddenly, by any vision, nor by having her mind directed to some passage of Scripture. It was calm, and serene, and flowed from a sweet sense of pardoned sin, and peace with God. She felt that the change was wholly the result of the Spirit's agency. She could trace it to no works of her own; no agony of mind on account of sin; no tears, nor prayers; no penitence, nor formal surrender of herself to God. She could only say, "whereas, I was thus awfully distressed with a view of my sins, I now feel as if God had, of his sovereign mercy, pardoned them all.' Still she hoped tremblingly, and in the exercise of constant self-examination, and anxious watchfulness over her heart and life. The chief source of doubt about her acceptance with God, was the fear with which thoughts of death filled her mind; and never, until she learned to trust God for dying grace, when she might need it, did she obtain any relief from these doubts."

It is not the least interesting fact in regard to this revival, that it commenced in the Sab-

bath school in which Anna was engaged as a teacher. Previous to this time a large majority of the female teachers, though amiable and moral, were utter strangers to the love of God, and, therefore, unprepared to discharge all the duties of their responsible office. With a view of promoting the spiritual interest of the school, a teachers' meeting was established. Its object was, by mutual instruction, to qualify the teachers more thoroughly to instruct their classes, and to seek the divine blessing upon their labors. It was eminently social in its character; the conversation being always perfectly free and familiar. Its influence upon the school also, was soon visible. Those who attended it were evidently interested and profited; and the Lord owned and blessed it. Here the movings of the Spirit upon the heart were first witnessed; here the first contrite sigh was heard, and the first tear of penitence shed: and here too, the first note of praise was sung by a soul renewed. Precious seasons! they cannot be forgotten

"Whilst immortality endures."

There we prayed, and wept, and rejoiced together. Endeared friends and fellow-teachers, where are ye now? We weep to think of the changes which the last twelve years have made. That circle was soon broken. Distance has severed us far and wide; and death, who respects no companionships, has been among us with an unsparing hand. Of those who yet remain to cherish the remembrance of these interviews, a few still take their seats in the village church; while others are laboring in distant parts of the vineyard. But many, alas! are numbered with the dead. And of these some are sleeping quietly among their fathers' sepulchres, and one among strangers in a far-off land. But whether distant or dead, ye are not forgotten. And though we cannot meet again on earth, as we met in other days,

"Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven!"

CHAPTER II.

UNITES WITH THE CHURCH—EFFORTS TO DO GOOD—EARLY INTEREST IN THE CAUSE OF MISSIONS—CONSIDERATION OF HER PERSONAL DUTY—PERPLEXITY OF MIND—LETTERS—ULTIMATE DECISION—SCRAPS FROM HER JOURNAL.

The conversion of a soul to God forms a new and important era in its history. It is the birth-day of a new existence—the commencement of a life of faith and penitence, of prayer and effort on earth; and of unending bliss and glory in heaven. At this solemn and interesting crisis in the history of our young friend, we have now arrived. We have seen her, on her return from school, estranged from God, and intent upon a life of pleasure; we have seen her overwhelmed with a view of her dreadful guilt, and almost despairing of mercy; and we have seen her finally a trembling, yet joyful believer. We are now prepared to follow her, as she takes another important step. Although deeply conscious of her unworthiness, yet she longed

to take her seat at the table of the Lord, to commemorate the Saviour's dying love. Several months, however, elapsed before she ventured to apply for admission into the church. But the convictions of duty at length overcame her fears, and she determined to enter into "the fellowship of the faithful." It was a memorable Sabbath, to the church as well as to herself. In company with more than sixty others, she presented herself before the altar, and there, in the presence of a great cloud of witnesses, avouched the Lord Jehovah to be her God, and joined in singing the appropriate hymn,

> "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
> Purchased and saved by blood divine;
> With full consent thine I would be,
> And own thy sovereign right in me," &c.

It was a scene of deep and solemn interest, upon which God and angels looked down well pleased! One incident connected with it, we cannot forbear to record. The pastor had recently been bereaved of an endeared companion, and his children of an accomplished

and devoted mother, by a calamity worse than death itself. How mysterious and melancholy such a visitation!

> "The mind was still all there—but turned astray;
> A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
> All stars of heaven, except the guiding one!"

Among the most youthful of those, who on that day covenanted to be the Lord's, was the pastor's daughter. And never shall we forget the thrill of emotion produced in every bosom when her name was announced, with the simple and touching remark, "*She comes among you to take her mother's place at the table.*"

At the very threshold of her Christian course, Miss W. determined to set her standard of religion above the ordinary level. To pursue such a course as would merely save religion from *reproach*, did not satisfy her; she aimed to *adorn* her profession by a "holy conversation." She felt and acknowledged her obligations to consecrate her all to God. A life of ease and inactivity was what she neither expected, nor desired. Accordingly, she at once engaged, with zeal and energy, in the work of Sabbath

school instruction, the monthly distribution of religious tracts, and in other benevolent efforts. And she habitually manifested great tenderness of conscience, and anxiety to know her duty, and to discharge it faithfully. Nor did she neglect to cultivate her own heart, but sought to make all the means of grace advance her spiritual interests. With a circle of her young companions, she was accustomed to meet weekly, for the purpose of prayer and religious conversation. And when called upon to lead in their devotions, she was uniformly fervent, earnest, and edifying. Her closet was now her Bethel, and her Bethesda; and her Bible a "well-spring of life" to her thirsty soul. She made it her constant companion and most delightful study. For some time after she united with the church, she was in the habit, almost daily, of recording her religious feelings and exercises. But not a scrap of that journal can now be found. She felt so much diffidence in regard to her own abilities, that she carefully concealed every thing of the kind from the inspection even of her bosom friends. And it is

supposed that it must have shared the fate of most of her private papers, which were destroyed by her own hand, before she left her native land. But though deprived of the light which these records would, undoubtedly, shed upon her character; yet we are persuaded that there are facts and impressions preserved upon the more enduring tablets of many hearts, which will not only fully substantiate, but forcibly illustrate the views which we have here expressed of her Christian character.

But while Miss W. was thus actively yet unobtrusively engaged in "doing good as she had opportunity," in her native place, she was not insensible to the claims of a dying world. Her feelings were early and deeply enlisted in behalf of Foreign Missions; but by what means, especially, we are unable to say. In the recent departure of a near relative, for Syria, however, she had witnessed what the all-constraining love of Christ would lead even a timid female to sacrifice and suffer for the good of others. And as her interest increased, she read, with pleasure and profit, the Memoirs

of Harriet Newell and Mrs. Judson. She admired their character, and imbibed, in some measure, their lovely and self-sacrificing spirit. But still we are not aware that she even agitated, at this time, the question of personal duty. It was not long, however, before her attention was specially called to it. And a brief extract from the communication, already referred to, will place the matter at once, and in its proper light, before the mind of the reader. Mr. M—— says: "The first time I mentioned the subject of missions to her as a personal duty, was a few weeks after my own decision. Although we had conversed freely together, concerning our mutual attachment, we had entered into no engagement. We fully understood each other on the subject; and both felt, that our duty to God and his church should be first in all our plans and enjoyments. We therefore felt the impropriety of entering into any engagement, until it should appear, satisfactorily, that our duty and inclination were consistent with each other." But notwithstanding this, the question, as she viewed it, seemed much embarrassed.

And in considering it, she manifested all the tenderness of conscience, and self-distrust, which had hitherto been developed in the character of her piety. She trembled, lest she might be more influenced by an earthly affection, than by her love to God and sympathy for the souls of the perishing heathen. Often, when the way appeared clear in every other respect, she would hesitate, lest she might be deceiving herself on this point. She felt that something more than this was necessary to sustain and console her in the midst of the privations, trials, bereavements, and loneliness, incident to the missionary life. If she would expect the supporting grace and the cheering smiles of God, she must be prompted by pure and benevolent motives. And she feared, moreover, that her parents* might withhold their consent. To leave them, even if they were prepared cheerfully to acquiesce in her decision, would be extremely trying; but she could not endure

* Her father was married again to an amiable and excellent lady, whom Miss W. loved and respected as a mother.

the thought of tearing herself away from their embrace, while they were unwilling to give her up to such a self-denying life. Nor were these the only difficulties. That which seemed to her the most serious and insurmountable, was, a deep consciousness of unfitness for the work. Upon her mental capacities, as well as her attainments in religion, she was accustomed to place the humblest estimate. She felt deeply, therefore, her great deficiency in all the prominent and essential qualifications of a missionary's wife. Her love to God, and to the souls of men, did not burn with such intensity as to be an absorbing passion; nor were her intellectual capacities of so high an order as were demanded for that exalted sphere. She had learned something of what the station required, in perusing the lives of others. And she felt that she could lay no just claim to the deep and uncomplaining devotion of a Harriet Newell; to the calm endurance, and untiring perseverance of a Harriet Winslow; nor to the unconquerable energy and moral heroism of a Mrs. Judson. While she might be useful in some

retired corner of her own land, aided by the counsels, and cheered by the presence of Christian friends, she was persuaded that God did not call upon her to assume a station so responsible and conspicuous. So deeply was she impressed with this truth, that after a painful and protracted consideration of the subject, she came to the conclusion not to give herself up to the work. The struggle it cost her was most severe; and for a time seriously affected her health and spirits. But she felt it to be her duty; and she resolved to make the sacrifice of her earthly attachment. Speaking of her conduct during that season of trial, Mr. M—— remarks, "She never once intimated a wish that I should change my purpose. On the contrary, she expressed her decided convictions, that I ought not to think of remaining on her account, but that, although it might cost her her life to be thus separated, she would cheerfully make the sacrifice for the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, bid me God speed, and follow me with her prayers while she had breath to pray."

After her decision was announced, at her

own request, all the correspondence relating to this subject was destroyed. The two following letters, however, written about this time, will serve to throw some light upon the state of her mind. They were addressed to a young friend, who seems to have enjoyed her fullest confidence; and to whom she loved to unburden her laboring heart.

Bloomfield, Feb. 21, 1836.

My Dear E——:

Your esteemed favor I received some days since, and hasten to answer, in compliance with your closing and repeated requests. I have not by any means forgotten nor undervalued your kindness, in favoring me with your epistolary effusions, since I left your house. No, dear E——, far be it from me to forget one with whom I have passed so many happy hours; with whom I have talked of the joys and sorrows, trials and conflicts of our journey through this wilderness of sin, and with whom I have often knelt in prayer at the mercy-seat, imploring the blessing of God upon us. Such

seasons as these cannot easily be forgotten; and I should be sorry to have you attribute my silence to any forgetfulness or neglect. I can assure you of my continued attachment; and in future, will venture to say your letters shall all be regularly answered.

During the last few months our family have been much afflicted with sickness; and there have also been a number of deaths in the circle of our acquaintance. Some who bid as fair to be spared, and to enjoy the degree of health allotted to them, as either of us, have passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and have gone to render up their final account. How soon we may be called is known only to God. O let us live in constant preparation for that hour, when the Master shall come and call for us: let us have our lamps trimmed and burning, and be fully prepared to enter into the rest which remains for God's dear people. In looking back upon my past life, dear E——, I cannot but regret that I have done so little for Him who laid down his life for a revolted world; that I have labored so ineffectually for

the souls of my dying fellow-creatures. O! can one so worthless and undeserving find a seat in the mansions of the blessed? Surely I should never be permited to enter it, if I were to be treated according to my deserts. No, if justice were done me, my portion would be with the lost, in the fire that shall never be quenched. But there is a fountain opened, to which we may go, and be cleansed from sin and uncleanness. And there would I go, vile and polluted as I am, and wash my soul from crimes of deepest dye. Yes, dear E——, this is our precious privilege. Let us then resolve, in the language of the poet:

"To this dear fountain I'll repair,
With all the wounds and pains I bear,
I'll keep my station near its side,
And wash, and drink, and there abide;
Nor from its sacred streams remove,
Till taken to their source above."

I trust you enjoy that sweet peace in believing, which the world can neither give nor take away; and are reaping, daily, the reward of your labors in the vineyard which God has

given you to cultivate. Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may be qualified for the faithful discharge of every duty, and be led to place implicit confidence in Him who is our Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous. In Him there is infinite fulness. Who would not be willing to make any sacrifice required, if thereby He may be honored and glorified? I am sure all other objects dwindle into insignificance, when compared to this. I am happy to hear of aunt K.'s decision; and do not doubt but that she will experience much solid enjoyment. She has my ardent prayers, that the Lord of the harvest may fully prepare her for the undertaking, and grant her the riches of that grace, which is promised to all who trust in Him. The need of laborers in the field is so great, that I have sometimes thought, perhaps E—— would love to go, and devote her time and talents to the object of teaching the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. Surely you could not wish a more delightful task. But I must leave you to your own reflections on this important subject;

wishing only that I may see you soon, to have some conversation respecting it.

Believe me ever,
Your affectionate sister and friend,
ANNA M. WARD.

TO THE SAME.

Bloomfield, July 25, 1836.

At the silent hour of midnight, when all around me is still, I have seated myself to converse with my dear absent E——. I delight to commune with the friends I love—in whom I have entire confidence—and tell them of my joys and sorrows, trials and conflicts; for in this way I think our correspondence may be made useful to each other. How often, dear E——, have I thought of you since our separation; and longed to know whether I had an interest in your intercessions at the mercy-seat, or whether I was forgotten, as I richly deserved to be. Since I last saw you, I have passed through seasons of trial, and have, as I trust, been made to feel the folly of placing my af-

fections on transitory things, that vanish like the morning cloud and the early dew. But my Father has been faithful, and given me grace; and I trust he will lead me in every step of my progress through life. Thus, my dear E——, may we go on, and draw water out of the wells of salvation. We have nothing but what comes to us from Christ's fulness. As long as we look into our own hearts, we shall be disappointed. "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags;" but if we cast them from us, and look to Christ, we shall have a spotless robe, an ample covering for our naked souls. I would gladly dwell on this theme till morning dawns; but I should be unprepared for other duties which press upon me. I long to see you, that I may tell you more particularly of my feelings. Your questions in regard to *missionary subjects* must all be answered in the negative. I will tell you more particularly when you come. I must close with the earnest request, that you will present me in your prayers to Him who heareth the cries of his children; and may you be made a rich partaker

of His love, and lean upon Him as your Saviour.

I am, as always,
Your affectionate
ANNA.

From the general tone of these letters, and the manner in which she alludes to the subject, it is evident that she was not entirely satisfied with the conclusion to which she had come. And the reader will not be surprised to find her, soon after this, prayerfully engaged in reviewing the grounds of her decision. In doing this she soon discovered that some of her difficulties were altogether imaginary, and that others had been greatly magnified. In a letter to a friend she remarks: "At times I feel like giving up in despair of ever accomplishing any thing for God. But there is a bright side to the picture, and I sometimes venture to look at it. In the building of the temple they had hewers of wood and drawers of water; and with all my unfitness and utter unworthiness, if I am permitted to engage in the most menial

service, and perform the most self-denying labors for the advancement of His cause, I shall have abundant reason for thankfulness during life." She was greatly encouraged to find that others, in whose opinion she had unbounded confidence, judged far more favorably than she could, of her qualifications for the missionary field. And she learned that her parents, so far from interposing any obstacles, as she had anticipated, were prepared, cheerfully, to give up their claims upon her. The subject itself appeared to her in a new light, by changing the form of the personal question. It was now, not, Why should I go abroad? but, Why should I remain at home? And in view of the amazing disproportion between the laborers in the domestic and the foreign field, she finally was constrained to exclaim, "Here am I, Lord, send me far hence to the Gentiles." This decision she never had occasion to reverse, or regret. It dissipated, at once, the clouds of doubt and uncertainty, which had so long hung over the future; and filled with calmness and joy, her anxious and agitated heart. The letters,

which follow, will more fully exhibit her views and feelings at this time.

LETTER TO MR. M——.

Bloomfield, Dec. 17, 1836.

My dear Friend:

Your letter did not reach me until some days after its date. I was somewhat anxious, lest something had befallen you; but it has taught me a lesson of contentment, which I have so much need to learn. I find that the safest and best course for us to pursue, in seasons of trouble, is to make known our requests unto God, by prayer and supplication for his support and guidance, and for a spirit of sweet and cheerful acquiescence in His will, let our situation in life be what it may. I think I have felt the happiness arising from this state of feeling, in contemplating my future trials. If my path be a thorny one, I have the precious assurance that He will be with me. Since you left I have been *uniformly happy and cheerful.* I have conversed freely with my beloved parents and sisters, in regard to my prospects, and laid

many plans for the coming year. But they may all be frustrated; God knows what is best for me. They all seem satisfied with my decision; and I can assure you they never appeared nearer, or dearer to me, than at the present time. I feel under manifold obligations to my parents; but especially, that they have given me up to this work, not knowing what trials may befall me, which it will not be in their power to alleviate or remove. As it respects your choice of a station, I feel willing to go wherever the path of duty may lead. As far as I have had the opportunity of informing myself, however, in regard to the proposed fields, I have given Calcutta the preference. Not that the amount of suffering will be less there than at other stations; but only that I should have the prospect of greater usefulness. I am anxious to know your determination, so that I may look at some particular spot as my *home*. But I feel, however, that it is of little consequence where I spend the remnant of my days, whether in India or China, so that I am faithful to my trust.

I called on Mr. and Mrs. C——, the evening before they left home for Boston; found them cheerful and happy. Mrs. C—— has left a large circle of friends, whose faces she, probably, will see no more on earth. She leaves them, "far in heathen lands to dwell." Pray much for me.

Yours, very sincerely,

ANNA M. WARD.

LETTER TO HER TRIED AND DEVOTED FRIEND IN NEW-YORK.

Bloomfield, Feb. 19, 1837.

MY DEAR E——:

After suffering many severe struggles in my own mind, I have finally concluded to follow the leadings of Providence, and devote myself to the service of my Master, in a land of darkness and idolatry. Our field is Northern India, and the station, probably, Lodiana, nearly four month's voyage from Calcutta. And now, dear E——, you will say, surely she will need an abundant share of grace to strengthen her for the faithful discharge of duty. I am aware that nothing but His grace can sustain, and

prevent me from sinking, amidst the trials and perplexities, which will, undoubtedly, fall to my lot. But if I know any thing of my treacherous heart, I feel no disposition to shrink from the *privilege* of bearing the cross, or lending my feeble efforts to aid in planting the standard of the Redeemer in some dark corner of the earth. If we have tasted of the preciousness of His love, surely we should count no pleasure too dear to sacrifice, that the heathen may be rescued from their bondage, and taught the value of their immortal souls. I cannot but write freely on this subject, as I know that you feel deeply interested in my case; and ardently desire the advancement of Christ's kingdom. The Lord has ever been better to me than my fears; and I may exclaim, in regard to myself, with propriety,

> "A strange rebellious wretch am I,
> And God as strangely kind."

It seems to me, also, that Christians generally are not fully aware of their obligations to be actively engaged in their Master's cause. Truly, "the time is short;" soon all opportu-

nity of benefiting our fellow-men, will be at an end. Ought we not, therefore, to do what we can for the extension of that blessed kingdom, which is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost? The arrows of death are flying in every direction; and erelong he may point his shaft at one of us. What *we* do must be done quickly. The time fixed upon for my departure is only eight months distant, and I look forward to it with a degree of anxiety, and interest, almost indescribable.

Yours, with much love,

ANNA M. WARD.

As the question was now settled that she was to spend her days among the heathen, Miss W. felt anxious to make the best improvement of her remaining time. She resolved, therefore, to turn her attention to those branches of study which seemed best adapted to render her useful in the field of labor to which she was destined. And that she might pursue these studies to the best advantage, she placed herself under the instruction of Mrs. H. B. Cook; a lady, in

whom she found not only an excellent counsellor, and competent instructor, but also a warm and decided friend of the cause to which she was pledged. To this subject she frequently alludes in the letters which will now be introduced.

Writing to Mr. M——, under date of March 15, 1837, she gives an account of another interesting revival, enjoyed by the church in Bloomfield.

"I suppose you have heard, through Mr. R——, of the rich display of God's love to this guilty people. Even while we were in the midst of our sins, and regardless of his gracious favors, he entered our dwellings, and caused the anxious inquiry to be heard from many in our midst, "What shall we do to be saved?" In the female school the work has been powerful. There were but three professors, including the teacher, in the whole school; but before the close of last week, we could number thirteen who were indulging hopes of pardon and acceptance with God. To me it is, indeed, a merciful visitation. What preparation for my

work in India more desirable than the baptism of the Holy Ghost? And what do I need more than a heart warmed with a Saviour's love? How ungrateful have I been for past favors! Surely God is a Sovereign full of forbearance and mercy, or I should have been forever cast off from his favor. But still, though vile and unworthy, I rejoice in the God of my salvation. But you will have reason to accuse me of selfishness, in dwelling upon what the Lord has done for me, rather than speak of the goodness of our covenant keeping God to others. Surely you will unite with me in praising God for His mercy, in entering our family, and leading my beloved brother W—— to consecrate himself unreservedly to his service. Alas! how unbelieving had I been in regard to his conversion! And when I saw, for the first time, his quivering lip and tearful eye; and then heard him express the hope, that he had passed from death unto life, I was forced to exclaim, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Perhaps you will inquire, what influence these scenes have upon me as it regards

my leaving home. I think I am far more willing, than ever before, to sacrifice my idolized home, with all its endearments, and subject myself to the hardships of a missionary life. Yes, for Zion's sake, and the glory of my Master, I will go with delight, though I may be exposed to perils on the sea, and on the land. It is a privilege to be permitted to bear my feeble testimony to his dying love. And I rejoice that the time is drawing near, although the thought of the parting scene, at times, almost unnerves me. But his grace will be sufficient for that time of trial."

We have already expressed our regret that the journal which Miss W. kept for some years after her conversion, was destroyed. And the perusal of the following fragment leads us to regret it still more deeply. These "three leaves were snatched from her hand, as she was about to commit them to the flames."

March 22, 1837. How much I prize the society of the dear ones at home, is known only to God, who has kindly given me friends

that are daily manifesting an interest in my welfare, and laboring to secure my happiness. The thought often suggests itself to my mind, as I look forward to the hour which will separate me from their embrace,

"Can I leave you—can I leave you?
Far in heathen lands to dwell?"

Can I, for the last time, look upon the endeared forms of my parents, and press to my agonized bosom the circle with whom I have spent my childhood and youth? Can I relinquish my place among them at the family altar, when the morning and evening sacrifice is offered? Oh! can I leave such scenes, and seek my home 'neath foreign skies, and take for my associates the degraded Hindoo? I answer yes: I cannot refuse to bear the standard of the cross and lend my feeble aid in planting it where the light of the glorious gospel has never yet shone. For the sake of the dying heathen, I will not linger around the dear delights of home, precious sanctuary privileges, and the many tender objects which bind me to my native land. If I can trust my treacherous

heart, I long to make the sacrifice, not for the sake of worldly honor or emoluments, but for the cause of my crucified Redeemer.

March 25, *Saturday evening.* Another day and week have almost closed, and I am still spared, a monument of mercy. Surely it becomes me to abase myself, and to lie low at the footstool, for my sins have been aggravated in the sight of a heart-searching God. O that the law of God were written on my heart as with a pen of iron! I think I have had some freedom in conversing with those in the Academy who profess to be God's children, respecting their duty to labor and pray for the heathen. It may not, indeed, be their duty to go to the heathen: but it is, obviously, the duty of every one to make personal efforts, *somewhere*, for the salvation of the world.

June 4, *Sabbath.* This has been a precious day to me. Begin to realize that the delightful seasons which I now enjoy will soon pass away. Soon I shall hear no church-going bell calling me to the house of prayer. But I am not sad at the thought. "God is my refuge and

strength, a very present help in trouble." His presence is not confined to temples made with hands, and he has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." His promises are sure. O that I could trust in them more implicitly! As the time of my departure draws near I tremble in view of my responsibility. May I be faithful unto death! O that I might leave behind me a hallowed influence, and set such an example as is worthy of being imitated by the dear little ones at home, to whom my heart clings, and for whom I love to supplicate at a throne of grace! O that my dear parents would forget the follies of my youth, and follow me with their daily prayers that I may be made extensively useful in the vineyard of the Lord! I long to spend and be spent for the Saviour. I do not desire to live at ease; no, I trust I can rejoice in *suffering*, if Christ be honored by it. Why should I hesitate to lend a helping hand if the benighted Pagan needs my aid? Why should I study the gratification of selfish feeling while the cry is reiterated in my ears, "Come and tell me of a Saviour's love." Surely it is

my privilege to labor for the advancement of the Saviour's cause, and I will surrender myself to him, to be disposed of in the way that shall best please and honor Him.

June 7. Attended the Sewing Society this afternoon, and was reminded that I should soon be deprived of such privileges. I have much, however, to make me happy. It rejoices my heart to look at my dear parents, though burdened with cares and anxieties, still cheerful and satisfied in regard to my future prospects. Trust I feel grateful to God that he has given them hearts to love his cause, with so much ardor, that they have freely consented to relinquish their claim upon me, and bid me go to make the heathen blessed. O that I may be successful in winning many souls to Christ!

June 11. Hailed the return of our dear pastor to his flock, after an absence of three weeks, at the meeting of the General Assembly. Attended Sabbath school and felt almost discouraged in laboring with some of my class, who seem careless and indifferent. My hope is in prayer for them that God's blessing may

descend and water the seed that has been sown in so much weakness."

This is all of her private journal that has reached us. From this, however, something of the character of her piety and of her views of the missionary question may be learned. But while she compassionated the distant heathen and longed to be engaged in leading them to Christ, she did not neglect the souls of her dear relatives and friends who were unreconciled to God. The thought of parting with them, while in this dreadful state, was most painful. The following letter to her cousin is introduced to show the pointed and affectionate earnestness with which she was accustomed to address them.

Bloomfield, March 29, 1837.

My dear Cousin:

In taking up my Bible this morning, my eye fell upon the passage, "What thou doest do quickly." And after indulging in various thoughts my burdened spirit fled to the cross to plead for those of my dear friends who are

"aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." I cannot give you up, my dear C——, I cannot relinquish the idea of hailing you as a brother in Christ, and of meeting you at the last day with a crown of gold on your head, and palms of victory in your hands. I can tell you from experience, of the preciousness of a Saviour's love. He died to atone for our sins; and can you refuse to love him? Can you slight offered mercy? My heart is pained within me, when I think of the rich provision made for all who will accept of salvation, and yet that my dear cousin should resist the influences of the Spirit, and treat this precious Saviour with undeserved contempt. What objections have you to Him? He is the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. He will never leave you, nor forsake you; He will take care of all who put their trust in Him. O! I love to tell you of this friend; to speak of Him as the friend of sinners. I long to greet you as one of those who are journeying toward Zion, with

their faces thitherward. Do you ask, How shall I become a Christian? What shall I do to inherit eternal life? O, I can point you to the cross; I can tell you of joy and peace in believing. To Christ I would commend you; His grace is sufficient to save the vilest of the vile. As a lost rebel come. Come while His hand is extended for your relief. Come now, while mercy invites. Come just as you are. Do not delay; do not close your eyes in sleep until you have made a full surrender of your heart to Him. Perhaps this may be the last opportunity that you may have; do not slight it. If you value the peace of your parents; if you wish to gratify your friends, I can assure you that nothing will afford them greater happiness than to see you become a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. Oh, my dear cousin, when I think of leaving you—as I must in a short time—never again to see your face in the flesh, I feel unwilling to endure an *eternal* separation. I could leave you all with a thousand times more cheerfulness if I could only have the prospect of meeting you in that

world where parting is unknown. My friends are all dear to my heart; but my Saviour says, "Take up thy cross and follow me." That God may make you an heir of bliss, and prepare you for an entrance into heaven, is the prayer of

Your affectionate cousin,

ANNA M. WARD.

LETTER TO MR. AND MRS. S—— IN VIRGINIA.

Bloomfield, July 9, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:

Did I not feel the assurance that you still claim me as one of your friends, I should not attempt writing to you when so many duties and cares press heavily upon me. When you left, I anticipated the pleasure of maintaining a regular correspondence with you; but the necessary preparation for the great work I have in prospect has demanded so much of my time and attention, during the winter and spring, that I have found it impossible to devote any time to letter-writing. Notwithstanding the pressure of necessary duties I have not

for a single day forgotten you. No, my dear friends, absence has strengthened the bond of union; and as the time is rapidly approaching when the reality will be felt, that I shall no more behold your faces in the flesh, I am forced to exclaim,

"Can I leave you?"

Yes, I love you, with the rest of my dear friends, more than at any former period of my life; but I rejoice that I can add, *I love Christ more.* I think I never felt more cheerful and happy in my life. Though the thought of severing many tender ties, which bind me to home and friends, is painful in the extreme, yet I rejoice that I shall be allowed the unspeakable privilege of spending my life among the heathen. Though clouds and darkness for a season encircled my dwelling, God's presence and favor have dispersed the gloom; and he is, I trust, preparing me for a place in his kingdom, where the thought of separation from loved ones will not, for a single moment, interrupt my joy. If I recollect, Mr. M—— told you

when we should probably embark for India. There will be ten in our number. O that the Lord of the harvest would raise up many more laborers who shall be willing to go and proclaim Christ, and him crucified, to the perishing heathen! Why should we study our own gratification more than the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom? Why are there so few willing to go? I am struck with astonishment when I look around and see how many are disposed to locate themselves here, when thousands in other lands are perishing for the lack of knowledge. O pray that I may be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christ, and be prepared for His service!

With many wishes for your happiness, I am,

Dear brother and sister,

In the bonds of Christian love,

ANNA M. WARD.

CHAPTER III.

CORRESPONDENCE—MARRIAGE—DEPARTURE FROM HOME—JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA—EMBARKATION.

WHATEVER the world may think of *missions*, and however they may smile at the scheme as wild and visionary, they cannot withhold the homage of their admiration from the expansive benevolence and self-sacrifice of the *missionary*. In devoting herself to the work, the delicate and timid female makes the costliest sacrifice of earthly good. In the bloom of youth and health she leaves the bosom of a family, where she is the light of every eye, and the joy of every heart; severs herself at a stroke from the society of friends and the endearments of home; foregoes the privileges and pleasures of social and civilized life; and goes forth, it may be, to wear out long years of toil and suffering in a distant and savage land. And what is the impelling motive? Is she prompted merely by romantic feeling, or a fondness of adventure? Is she allured by hope of gain, or the

promise of distinction? Oh no! these could not enable her to toil on, when toil seemed unrequited; to suffer cheerfully, when deprived even of sympathy; and to die calmly, though as little regarded as the tree that falls in the depth of the forest. She acts under the influence of a higher and holier principle: "*the love of Christ constraineth her.*"

As a redeemed sinner, Miss W. regarded such a sacrifice as the least that could be demanded of her; and she was resolved to make it. She now looked upon India—benighted and heathen India—as her future home. Although, as we have seen, she was slow in coming to this decision, yet when it was finally made, she enjoyed the constant and delightful assurance that she had followed the guidance of an unerring hand. She had viewed the work of missions so long as a matter of personal duty, that the novelty and romance of it, which sometimes have won the ardent and enthusiastic, had lost their influence upon her mind. Her decision was made after years of anxious and prayerful inquiry, and in full view of the privations and sufferings, the

labors and trials of a missionary life. And as the time of her departure drew near, she looked forward to it, not merely with calm satisfaction, but with ardent and earnest longing. The "Missionary Soliloquy" expressed truly the feelings of her heart:

"I cannot rest: There comes a sweet
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered up
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,
"*Go teach all nations*," from the eastern world,
Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear.

And I will go. I may no longer doubt
To give up friends, and home, and idol hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee my country.
Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up;
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done;
Let me but know I have a *friend* that waits
To welcome me to glory; and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness."

These sentiments she constantly expressed, both in her conversation and in letters to her friends, as will be seen from those which follow.

TO MR. M——.

Bloomfield, July 12, 1837.

After hearing of your very uncomfortable ride to Princeton, through Mr. R——, my anxiety was much relieved by the receipt of your last communication; and I have abundant cause to bless and praise the name of our covenant keeping God that your life and health, thus far, have been precious in his sight. The encouragements spoken of in your letter were truly strengthening. I do not think I ever reflected so much upon the rich and abundant supply of food furnished for us in the promises of the gospel, as I have during the past week. Those marked in my album I have read repeatedly; they have been unspeakably precious to me; they seem so well adapted to my case, that I love to dwell upon them. I have been led to reflect more seriously, also, upon the discouragements to be met with in a missionary's life. I do not think that I can fully realize the peculiar trials and difficulties of our future course. But I can rejoice in the prospect of going, even when enveloped in clouds and darkness. I have

never enjoyed more comfort, nor felt more happy and cheerful, than at the present time. The Saviour says, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." It is a peace that springs, therefore, from an unfailing source. Let us deposit our hopes and our hearts with the Saviour.

The path marked out for me has for the last few months seemed perfectly plain. I do not think I have one doubt as it respects my duty to go; nor that I feel the least disposition to waver or relinquish the performance of what I know to be duty. Our communion season, as I anticipated, was one of peculiar interest. I was forcibly reminded of the time when, with many others, I publicly covenanted to be the Lord's, and consecrated myself entirely to His service. Mr. J—— preached for us in the morning from John xvii. 20, 21; and I was struck with the text as peculiarly applicable to the occasion."

TO THE SAME.

Bloomfield, August 10, 1837.

I trust you are not becoming dissatisfied with

my silence. It has been protracted beyond my expectations, but for reasons which you may possibly think justifiable. I have been suffering from a cold, and for a time was unable to write. As soon as I recovered, the unexampled kindness of my friends, in calling upon me, prevented my attention to many duties which devolved upon me. We were gratified to hear from you last week, because, from what I had heard and read, I had come to the conclusion that we should not bid adieu, the coming autumn, to our beloved friends and native land. And I hardly dare now indulge the thought. I have been exceedingly troubled about it on many accounts; though I trust willing to acquiesce in the will of Him who in infinite wisdom ordereth all our affairs. I knew that our brethren in Northern India needed and would be expecting help from this Christian land. I trust also, that I feel an increasing and ardent desire to be personally and actively engaged in laboring among those poor idolaters. I cannot bear the idea of being detained beyond the appointed time; yet I fear it exceedingly. The

embarrassment is so great through the length and breadth of the land, that even the most wealthy find it almost impossible to give of their abundance for the spread of the precious gospel of Jesus Christ. I need not tell you that this state of suspense is by no means agreeable. I have, however, found it sweet to commit our case to Him who doeth all things well. If I did not think he approved of my present course, I would not take another step in it. But I trust I have sought his guidance and direction, and that they have been vouchsafed to me in seasons of trial and difficulty. I do not doubt, my dear friend, but that all our trials are sent to execute the purposes of an allwise and unchangeable Jehovah; to fit us for our work, or prepare us to enter into the peaceful abode of eternal blessedness, and to join with seraphs and the redeemed host in ascribing praise to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever." What a glorious prospect! And can we look forward to it as ours? In contemplating my severest trials, they sink into insignificance,

when compared with the glory which shall be revealed hereafter. They are not worth a moment's anxiety, when we think of the crown that fadeth not away."

Under date of August 31st, she writes again:

"I am now more sensible than ever of my proneness to cling to earth; and of the fondness with which I cherish creature comforts. But do not suppose that I begin to repent of my choice. No, I ask no greater honor than to go to India, and labor for those who 'have no hope, and are without God in the world.' With joyful anticipations I now look forward to the time when, with my friend, and fellow-laborers, who are unspeakably dear to my heart, I shall bid adieu to these delightful scenes. My heart does and will ache at the thought of parting; but His cause is more dear to me than all the world besides. And my earnest desire is to yield cheerfully to God's blessed will."

We add a short extract from a letter to her dear friend and correspondent in New York.

"I am still expecting to sail for India this fall—either in October or November—though not without some fear of being detained. It would be trying to be kept back another year, merely for the want of funds. O that the Lord of the harvest would give his children a spirit of self-denial and more ardent love, that they may give of their abundance for the spread of his gospel throughout the world! Some say to me, "Your sacrifice is a great one;" but for my own part, I am ashamed to say that I am making any *sacrifice* for one who laid down His life for a revolted world. If I have experienced the sweetness of his love, I can count no sacrifice too great to make for Him. Surely there are given unto us, "exceeding great and precious promises," and can we not go on in the performance of our duty, relying upon the strength of them? It has been my expectation to spend a few days with you this summer, and I have waited for a convenient opportunity until it is too late. I feel, my dear E——, that the time is now reduced to a very brief space, and the responsibilities resting

upon me are great. But then the time is not far distant when we shall meet in a purer and better world, to celebrate the perfections and loving-kindness of Him who has redeemed us by His blood; and who will present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

This is the sincere and earnest prayer,

Of your unworthy,

Though ardently attached,

ANNA.

The subjoined extract of a letter from Mr. M—— to the parents of Miss W. may, with propriety, be introduced:

"It affords me great satisfaction to be able to say, that the prospect of my leaving this country, during the approaching autumn, is better now than it has been at any time before. At one time Mr. Lowrie began to think that I could not go, on account of the limited funds of the Board. He brought the matter, however, to the notice of Dr. P—— and one of the elders of his church, when it was arranged that

I should go out as the second missionary supported by them.

I have just enjoyed a very agreeable visit from Mr. Lowrie and Dr. P——. They came to consult me about a change in my location—a change that will bring me somewhat nearer home.

So you perceive, my dear friends, that the duration of our personal intercourse here on earth is reduced to a brief, a very brief space. Two, or at most three months, will in all probability close up the history of my pilgrimage, and that of your beloved and affectionate daughter in this country. But let us ever remember that the *separation* must also be brief. We are only separating for a short time, to take different roads to the same country, that is an heavenly. We leave you to pursue the beaten track, lifting up your hearts to God continually in prayer, that the evening of your days may be calm, as a prelibation of heaven; and that your setting sun may be one of brightness and glory, without a cloud to mar the grandeur of the scene. And I cannot doubt that the sacri-

fice which you have so cheerfully made, will have a delightful and heavenly influence on that solemn hour. How different will be your reflections then, from what they would be, had you withheld the offering that was demanded by the Saviour of sinners. Then you would have to lament with unavailing sorrow, that you had, merely for the sake of personal gratification, withheld the gospel from some perishing souls; but now how delightful the anticipation of seeing your beloved daughter, entering those blissful mansions accompanied by a multitude of redeemed spirits, as gems in the crown of her rejoicing. Your dying hour will reveal to you the happiness of such anticipations, but I cannot. Heaven and eternity will reveal to you the glorious reality; but mortal mind can never conceive, nor can mortal tongue ever describe it.

We leave you to take a less frequented road; one filled with briers and thorns; one of labor and suffering, but not, on that account, less certain, nor less bright and glorious in its termination. We go, I trust, to live and labor,

and suffer, and, if needs be, to die for Christ; for we have put on Christ, and it now becomes us so to walk in Him, because He has left us an example that we should follow his steps."

After perusing the foregoing extract, the reader will be prepared for the announcement of Miss W——'s marriage to the Rev. John H. Morrison, which took place at Bloomfield, N. J., on the 13th of September, 1837. The brief space which intervened between this and their embarkation, was mostly spent in visiting their large circle of relatives and friends. It was, therefore, a time of continued excitement and trial. But the desired, yet dreaded hour of final separation, at length arrived; and her friend, Miss E—— V. N——, thus speaks of it: "My last visit to her furnishes hours of delightful contemplation; and the scenes of the parting morning are vividly impressed on my mind. The calm and cheerful manner in which she united in singing an appropriate hymn,—leading the music herself; the long and convulsive embrace of her dear parents,—the only indication

that her circle of loved ones was so soon to be reduced to a single individual; the clearness and coldness of the morning; the hoar frost, with which the whole "green" was covered, sparkling and glistening in the sunbeams;—these are not yet, and I think never will be, erased from my mind."

A description of their journey to Philadelphia, from whence they expected to sail, is given in the following letter to her parents.

Philadelphia, October 9, 1837.

My dear and honored Parents:

My faithful promise to write to you has been repeatedly brought to mind, since my arrival here, but I have not, before this morning, been left long enough to myself to fulfil my engagement. I need not tell you of the many painful struggles it cost me, to tear me from your embrace; to leave the home of my childhood; to go away from the protection and counsel of those who have watched over me from the cradle; to leave the dear circle of brothers and sisters, with whom I have taken sweet counsel,

and walked to the house of God in company; to leave the place of my birth, the mount of gospel privileges, and take up my abode in a distant land, with but one kind, sympathizing friend, for my earthly solace, during the remainder of my pilgrimage. No, my beloved parents, I need not tell you that the separation pained me to the heart. But while sorrowing, I have the greatest cause for rejoicing, and praising the Lord, that he has thus honored me. As much as I love you; as tenderly as my heart is bound to you all; I love him still more, and I could not return. O the luxury of making sacrifices for him!

After taking the car at Newark, we were rapidly conveyed to New Brunswick, and at two o'clock we found ourselves at Princeton. As we expected, dinner was in readiness and waiting for us. For my own part, however, I desired nothing more than a room to myself, where I might pour out my sorrows into the bosom of my Heavenly Father, who has always been better to me than my fears, and given me grace equal to my day, with the precious assu-

rance that he will be with me always, even unto the end. The excitement through which I had passed brought on a severe attack of the sick headache, and I was obliged to retire early, although friends were constantly calling. On waking in the night, I found my cold so much increased, that I could scarcely speak so as to be heard; but by taking freely of the cough drops, which you gave me, the hoarseness gradually left me, and on Friday morning, at ten o'clock, we were able to leave P——, and were accompanied to Philadelphia by a number of dear Mr. M——'s friends. I must not omit giving you an account of a precious little prayer meeting, which I shall always, while reason retains her seat, have cause to remember with the liveliest gratitude. It was appointed at eight o'clock in the morning, at Mrs. H——'s, a lady with whom Mr. M—— had boarded, for the last five years. She welcomed us with the cordiality and affection of a mother. The meeting was attended by some of the most respectable families of P——, and conducted by Drs. Alexander, Miller, and Breckinridge.

Dr. M—— addressed himself particularly to us, and closed his remarks by saying, "Finally, my dear son, and daughter, farewell! Be strong in the Lord." And he assured us of their continued prayers for us. Mr. M—— was much tried in leaving P——, where he had spent so many days under the care and instruction of his fathers in the ministry. I need not add, my dear parents, that we found that little meeting very profitable, and strengthening. It enabled us, by the grace of God, to go on our way rejoicing in Him who has marked it out for us, and led us, as we trust, to make a cheerful surrender of all that is dear to our hearts, and to go forth, in the name of our precious Saviour, to the poor benighted heathen.

From P—— we took the stage for ten miles, and then the cars, and steamboat, for Philadelphia, where we arrived about dark, much fatigued, and almost sick in travelling through the rain. We took lodgings for the night at a public house, and found ourselves much refreshed by a comfortable sleep. In the morning Mr. M—— called on Mr. Lowrie, and found

him quite unwell. He also met Dr. Cuyler, who invited and urged us to remain in his family, during our stay in the city. We accepted the invitation, and were cordially welcomed by the Dr. and Mrs. C——. We have been urged also by other friends, to make our home with them; but Dr. C—— claims us, and will not hear to our going anywhere else. I mention this, because I think it will afford you pleasure to learn, that we have found very dear friends, who received us as their own children. Our little mission family are to meet this afternoon at Dr. C——'s, and a number of other Christian friends are to be present. We have been on board of our ship, and seen our captain, who, to all appearance, is a very pleasant man. Our instructions are to be given on Tuesday evening: several addresses are expected, and we are expecting a very interesting meeting. The mother, brother, and sister of Mrs. McEwen, with whom we are to be associated, called, and made us a very pleasant visit. Her mother was affected to tears, on being introduced to me.

And now, my dear parents, do not look upon

me in any other light than that of a happy child, willing, and I trust ready, to obey the will of Him, who has pledged himself never to leave or forsake his children. I do, even now, long to look in upon you, but can heartily rejoice that I am counted worthy to suffer for Him. If He should direct, gladly would I spend the remnant of my days with you; and, as far as it might lay in my power, in making your pathway through life comfortable and happy. But it is not to be so; He has seen fit to take me from your embrace, and separate me from many loved ones, to assist in planting the standard of the cross in distant India. And yet, I ask myself, can it be, that I shall see your faces no more? Shall I no more meet with the dear circle, when assembled for prayer, and unite my voice with theirs, in singing the praises of Him who hath loved us, and given himself to die for us? Yes, it is even so; and though painful the thought, I cheerfully acquiesce, and rejoice in the privilege. And now I must close by requesting you to *pray for us;* forget us not at the family altar, and in your private devo-

tions. Farewell, my beloved parents: the Lord comfort, support and strengthen you.

Thus prays,

Your absent daughter,

ANNA.

On Tuesday evening, the 10th of October, a public meeting was held in the Rev. Mr. Boardman's church, at which the missionary family was present. The instructions to the missionaries, were read by the Rev. Dr. Phillips, of New-York, in consequence of the absence of Walter Lowrie, Esq., the Corresponding Secretary of the Board, who was confined to his room by indisposition. The meeting was then addressed by Messrs. Wilson and Morrison, and also by the Rev. Henry R. Wilson, Sen., father of one of the missionaries, who touched every heart while he expressed his readiness to give up to the Lord, in this sacred cause, the son of his fond affections,—his only son. The large audience was deeply affected, and there were few present who did not feel that it was good to be there.

In consequence of the detention of the vessel, which was expected to sail on Wednesday, meetings were appointed for the two following evenings; one in Dr. Cuyler's church, and the other in Mr. Boardman's. The missionaries were present, and delivered addresses at both these meetings, and the exercises were of the most pleasing and interesting kind.

The ship Edward, captain Cheyney, in which they were to embark, was now lying at Newcastle, waiting for a favorable day to set sail. And in a note to her brother, written from Philadelphia, October 14th, she says: "We are just ready to start for Newcastle; and I have only time to say, farewell, farewell, my native land. Full well I know, my dear brother, the struggles it has caused us to part; and joyfully can I testify, that the grace of God is sufficient, even for this time of need. We shall have a large company of friends 'to accompany us to the ship.' If I have an opportunity I will write back by the Pilot. I could say much to you all: but sisters S——, and M—— A., will tell you every thing. Do

not let the dear little sisters forget me. Talk to them much about me, and about the poor heathen, for whom I expect to labor. The Lord bless you, my dear brother. Be faithful; be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. And may the Lord make us all faithful; and prepare us all for a seat in the mansions of bliss."

CHAPTER IV.

SAILS FOR INDIA—SICKNESS—CORRESPONDENCE—VISIT TO MADEIRA.

THE love of home and country is strongly evinced in Mrs. Morrison's farewell letters to her friends. The struggle which it cost her to leave them was severe and painful in the extreme. It was not a timid shrinking from toil and suffering: it was not the want of faith in God: it was not weakness, but *nature*, that led her thus to feel and weep. Nor does it diminish our regard for her, either as a woman or as a Christian. When she became a Christian, she did not become a stoic. Religion has no tendency to seal, or dry up the gushing fountain of sympathy in a woman's heart. And so far is it from chilling our emotions, or checking such natural tears, that not to feel,—not to weep, in such circumstances, would evince a

want of humanity, as well as piety. She must be something more or less than woman, who could bid adieu to her home, and watch the shores of her native land, as they faded forever from her view, and still betray no emotion. Such stoicism and indifference, we are sure, can find no countenance or justification in the life of Paul, or of that other first, and greater Missionary. It is not the *want*, but the *sacrifice* of it for a benevolent and holy end, that entitles an individual to our admiration or respect. But strong as this feeling seemed to be in the bosom of Mrs. M., there was still another there, more powerful and absorbing. The *love of Christ* led her cheerfully to make the sacrifice, and to become a stranger and pilgrim on the earth, looking for no continuing city, until she might be called to enter one, "which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

Having seen her bid adieu to friends and home, we are now to follow her across the deep, and learn the faithfulness of God in her Christian experience.

LETTER TO HER MOTHER.

Ship Edward, off Newcastle,
Oct. 16, 1837.

My very dear Mother:

I presume you are thinking of me this morning, as tossing on the stormy ocean; and wondering how I feel and look in my little floating home. Since I have been an inhabitant of the Edward, my thoughts have frequently turned homeward; and I have remarked to some of the brethren and sisters, the inexpressible pleasure it would afford us to have you look in and see our little domicil. We left Philadelphia on Saturday morning, October 14th, at seven o'clock, in the steamboat Wilmington for Newcastle; where we arrived about noon.* Many of our dear friends from the city accompanied us; and before leaving the steamboat, we had one of the most interesting meetings I ever attended. It was conducted by Dr. Cuyler and Mr. Lowrie,

* The mission family consisted of the Rev. Henry R. Wilson, Jr., Rev. John H. Morrison, Mr. Reese Morris, printer, and Mr. James Craig, teacher, with their wives.

who alluded most touchingly to the death of his beloved daughter, Louisa A. Lowrie; whose grave we shall all visit, if our lives are spared to reach Calcutta. A copy of her memoir was presented to each of the sisters by her husband, the Rev. J. C. Lowrie. After the meeting was concluded, the small boat belonging to our ship came alongside, to convey us to our new habitation. The vessel lay some distance from the shore; but the wind and tide were so much against her, that the captain soon told us that we should not get off before morning. We all felt some unpleasantness about sailing on the Sabbath; but concluded to commit our way unto the Lord, that He might direct our steps. When the Sabbath dawned, all was calm and peaceful: not a ripple could be seen; and it was soon announced that we should sail on the first ebb of the tide on Monday morning. This, you may well imagine, was most agreeable to our feelings. At eleven o'clock, with the consent and advice of our captain, we had worship on deck. The sailors were all assembled, and I was struck with their interesting

appearance. My husband conducted the service, and preached from the passage found in Rom. 10: 4. They all paid the best attention, and seemed interested. O that we might be the means of good to this interesting, but neglected class of men! Do not forget the poor weather-beaten sailor when you pray for us. Our steward and his assistant are natives of India, and speak the Bengalee. The first day we dined on board he gave us a dish of rice and curry, of which the gentlemen seemed very fond; but as it did not look very palatable, and I feared it might not agree with me, I abstained entirely from eating it. We have on board every variety of eatables which can be named or thought of. The weather has been so mild and delightful, that we have not suffered much inconvenience from sea-sickness as yet; but probably, before this reaches you, I shall know what it is in its worst form. Our accommodations are quite passable. The state-room admits one chair, and a small table, which answers the purpose also of a wash-stand, having a bowl fastened to it. Our berths are large,

and by far more comfortable than I supposed they would be. And if we could have a little more air, we should sleep charmingly.

We shall now soon dismiss our pilot. And, my dear mother, I begin to realize fully, what it is to be wafted from my native land; perhaps to visit it no more. Though happy in my choice, *nature feels*, and I cannot but weep when I think of you all, and follow you from day to day in your ordinary occupations. Even while worshipping with our company of sailors, I became lost in thought, as I followed you to the house of God; joined with you in singing some favorite hymn; visited the dear Sabbath school, and finally met with you around the family altar. . But our Christian privileges are great: our captain has given us full permission to hold religious services on the Sabbath; and after we get regulated, we are to have a Bible class for the seamen. We often think and speak of your kindness to us, and bear you in the arms of our faith to a throne of mercy, while we plead that God's comforting and supporting grace may be given to you and to us, to sustain us

under every trial. Surely our anticipations are bright. A few more rolling suns, and we shall meet in the New Jerusalem. And the Saviour will not only conduct us safe to the brink of the Jordan; but he will pass through it with us. I rejoice that I can look forward with the cheering hope of a Christian, to that hour when I shall meet the many loved ones, whom I have left behind, in that blissful abode where the pangs of separation are never felt. The ship is now moving rapidly, and I begin to find it difficult to write; but I will copy a hymn which we all joined in singing soon after we came on board.

"Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one:
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

"What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around thy cot;
What though beneath an eastern sky
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven!

"From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From *India's* burning plain;
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven!

"No lingering look; no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from eye to eye,
And hope immortal grows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We *all* shall meet in heaven!"

And now, my beloved mother, adieu. In all probability this is the last letter you will receive from me in many months.

From your devoted daughter,

ANNA.

LETTER TO HER PARENTS.

Ship Edward, near the Azores,
Nov. 13, 1837.

MY VERY DEAR AND HONORED PARENTS:

Language cannot describe the feelings of my heart, as I take up my pen to address you, at the distance of three thousand miles from my

home. And though I rejoice that I have been borne thus far on my voyage, and that the winds and the waves are still wafting us onward, yet my soul weeps in silence at the thought, that the last look has been given, and the parting kiss exchanged. Again and again has the fountain of tears been opened for my relief.

It was my fixed purpose, after coming on board, to prepare a journal, and have it in readiness to forward from Maidera, in case a favorable opportunity should offer; but so far my designs have been frustrated. As soon as I began to feel the least motion in the vessel, I was attacked violently with sea-sickness, and owing to the bilious state of my system, I suffered longer and more distressingly than any of our company. But, my dear parents, this does not conclude the history of the sickness through which I have been called to pass. I have indeed been brought to feel that I am but dust and ashes. After suffering for about two weeks with sea-sickness, and just as I was beginning to regain my strength, while sitting in the

companion-way one morning, I was seized with a distressing sickness at the stomach, and a violent pain in the head. Mr. M. assisted me to my berth, where I was taken with a severe chill, which was succeeded by a high rise of fever, and pain between my shoulders and in my side. Mr. M. determined to call in Brother Wilson, who had practised medicine when engaged in the Indian Mission; and in whose judgment we had much confidence. He pronounced my disease to be congestion of the liver. And now, at the expiration of two weeks, I find myself recovering slowly; though unable to sit up more than half of the time.

Our voyage, thus far, has been unfavorable for recruiting. Though we have encountered no severe gales, head winds and calms have marked the greater part of our passage. As yet we have seen no vessel bound to America; and none to Europe within speaking distance.

I often felt, during my sickness, the wish that my situation might be known to you; that you might sympathize with, and pray for me. But though deprived of your presence to ad-

minister to my wants; still the precious promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," was verified in my case. The kind attentions of my husband, who watched constantly at my side, with intense interest and anxiety, could not have been surpassed. And I shall remember with the liveliest gratitude the kindness of sister C. Though to be candid I must say, that I often felt that it would be delightful to have one of the dear sisters from home with me, to whom I might impart every feeling; still I have abundant cause to be thankful that all my wants were supplied, and that the Lord made all my bed for me in my sickness. I trust my trials have already had the effect of weaning me more from the world, and of giving me a more earnest desire to be engaged in his service. And instead of regretting the course I have pursued, or wishing that my example may not be followed, I hope that a multitude may be raised up in my native village, and in my own dear circle of friends, who will erelong follow me, and engage in the same blessed work.

We have been on board ship four Sabbaths; and have been permitted to enjoy a preached gospel on all but one. The audience consists of about thirty persons, including sailors and passengers. On the first Monday in November, our little band enjoyed a sweet season of prayer for the cause of missions throughout the world, and for those dear friends from whom we had recently parted. To us all, it was a precious meeting. Though unable to raise my head from my pillow, and suffering much from pain, I enjoyed it very much. We hope, after we are all sufficiently recovered from ill health, to form a Bible class for mutual improvement; and also to establish a prayer meeting. We have two cabin passengers, besides our company, bound for Madeira; one a native of the Island, and the other a young man from Baltimore, who expects to spend a few months there to regain his health. Sister W. and I have engaged our Portuguese friend to procure us a good draught of fresh water the moment we arrive. Our captain, whom we find very obliging and kind, thinks that we shall remain

there about eight days. We have also ascertained that there are two ships, bound to New-York, now in the harbor; and we are anxious to have our letters in readiness, as the opportunity of sending them home is so favorable.

November 15. Very rough sea this morning. I am so weak that I can scarcely hold my pen. My strength, however, is returning slowly, although we have had no very favorable weather either for sailing or recruiting. It is now twenty-eight days since we left the capes of Delaware; and we have had but two days of favorable wind.

LETTER TO HER SISTER.

Ship Edward, near Madeira,
Nov. 21, 1837.

My dear sister Emeline:

It was my intention to have answered your dear little note, accompanied with the sweet poetry from W., while in Philadelphia; and the kind attentions which I received from the many friends of missions alone prevented it. It is not yet six weeks since I gave you the part-

ing hand, and I am now almost at the Island of Madeira. I can scarcely realize, dear sister, that so great a distance separates us from each other; that I am addressing you while tossed upon the mighty ocean, with the probability that I shall no more meet you, until, with the assembled universe, we shall stand before the judgment seat to render up our account. Although, since I last saw you, I have been called to pass through seasons of sickness and trial, still I have cause to erect my "Ebenezer," and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." He has, indeed, cast my lot far from you all; and I have been called to give up the endearments of home and the blessings of civilized life; but still His hand has been upon me for good, and I can exclaim, "Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!" Is there any thing, dear E., that we should love more than Christ? He that loveth father or mother, brother or sister, more than me, is not worthy of me. If He is the supreme object of our affections, surely we can rejoice in the fact that we are called to part with each other for Him.

I can plead the same promises for my support that I could if placed where I might often enjoy the privilege of seeing you all. I have the same inexhaustible fountain of grace to which I may go; and the same precious Saviour is ready to hear when I call upon Him. And what matters it then, my dear sister, whether we dwell together or are widely separated? A few more revolving suns and our race will be run. A few more days, or years at most, will land us in the streets of the New Jerusalem, where sorrow and sighing shall flee away! There we shall not only be privileged to meet and enjoy each other's society; but our joy will be heightened by the presence of the blessed Saviour himself. None but myself, and those who are similarly situated, know the trial of separation from parents and brothers and sisters. But when I think of the bondage from which I have been rescued and the debt of gratitude I owe to the Incarnate Son of God for the redemption which He has wrought out; and then cast my eyes to the other side of the globe, and remember that he died for the degraded sons and

daughters of India, as well as for those who hear the tidings of salvation continually, I count the separation as nothing, if I may be the means of conveying to one dark, benighted mind, a single ray of light. Surely we were not placed here merely to seek our own gratification. That Being who created us, and gave us powers to serve Him, hath said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and with this command the promise is given, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." No, that blessed Saviour has not left me comfortless; he has not called me, and then forsaken me; his presence has been my consolation. I can only speak of the goodness of the Lord to us; of his watchful care and protection, both by night and by day. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about those that fear him." O my dear sister, I love to praise him for goodness to us. I love to leave the world and retire to my little room, and plead for his blessing upon those whom I love, and shall see no more. I often sing the beautiful hymn, commencing,

"I love to steal awhile away," &c.

I trust that you will "pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified even as it is with you."

On the 23d of November she writes to her sisters J. and C.:

"Little did I realize, seven weeks ago this morning, what my feelings would be in addressing you; little did I know what tender recollections would crowd upon my mind. Painful, yet pleasing, are the emotions that fill my bosom as my thoughts are wafted back to the home of my childhood. It is still dear to me as when I was permitted to make one of your circle. Yes, it is pleasant to call it *my* home; and though I may never enter it again, yet I claim a oneness of spirit with you, and feel the same interest that I did in those days and years that cannot be recalled. Those were indeed happy days. We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company. We joined in singing the praises of a Father

who had given us hearts to love him; and also united in prayer for his blessing upon us, and upon a dying world. Oh my sisters, those precious seasons have fled; but how sweet their memory; how delightful to recall that season, when we felt ourselves to be lost and ruined sinners; exposed to the wrath and curse of an offended God; and then heard him speak peace and pardon to our troubled souls. Oh what do we not owe to the mercy and condescension of God's dear Son! Let us, my dear sisters, continue "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." I feel thankful that he has singled me out from many, much better qualified than myself, and called me to cross the stormy deep to tell of his love to the poor Hindoo. Although I feel that my love for you all has increased tenfold, still I do not ask to return and spend my days among you. I only ask for health and strength to labor in his cause; and for more of that spirit which in his precious word is made the test of discipleship.

"My health now is almost as good as when I

left you; my strength, however, I find returns slowly. During the first four weeks that we passed on shipboard I was unable to attend to any thing, even the spreading of my bed. Since that time I have been able to rise in the morning, attend to various duties, and sometimes to exercise on deck, when not too cold and wet. After breakfast I spend a short time in reading, and occasionally hold sister C.'s little girl. We live like a company of brothers and sisters; and I am often reminded of the circle at home. After prayers in the evening, we generally enjoy a season of conversation with each other; and sometimes a little singing; after which we retire to our several apartments for the night. I sometimes think, if I only had an *own* dear sister with me, my happiness would be complete. But I am content to be situated just as my Heavenly Father has placed me, for he knows what is best for me. There has been so much monotony in our voyage, thus far, that I fear my letters will not be very interesting to you. Pray much for me, dear sisters, and allow me to breathe once more the word, "farewell."

'Farewell, but not forever,
We soon shall meet above,
To dwell with Jesus ever,
And sing redeeming love.'"

A short extract from a letter to one of her brothers, will show the deep and tender solicitude she felt for those whom she left without any hope in Christ.

"The interest I feel in you, my dear brother, as it respects your spiritual welfare, is not of recent date. The tears I have shed and the prayers I have offered, are known only to the Searcher of hearts. I trust that I have been called, through the free and sovereign grace of God, from nature's darkness into the marvellous light and liberty of the gospel; and that when I shall have done with all things here; when time with me shall be no more; my spirit will ascend, and with the glorified millions adore the matchless grace of which I have been made a rich partaker. As I look around on the dear circle of loved ones, whom I have no expectation of meeting again until the resurrection morning, I cannot but feel a deep anx-

iety for those of our dear family whom I have left without any interest in that sacrifice which was made by the death of God's dear Son. Why not now, my dear brother, while the day of grace is lengthened out, accept the offers of mercy and take the Saviour for your friend and portion. You know with what earnestness I have plead with you in days and years past; and now when I can see you no more, will you not remember the admonition? It was my last request when I gave you the parting hand; and it is still all that I have to ask of you. If you choose the Saviour as your friend, you will have nothing to fear. He will guide you safely through the storms and adversities of life; he will go with you 'through the dark valley and the shadowof death;' and finally he will conduct you to the New Jerusalem, where you shall go no more out forever. O how long he has borne with you! and can you still turn your back upon him? Can you, while he yet stands pleading, refuse his offers? It is surely the part of wisdom to make him your friend. To think of your being lost, lost forever! Oh! with

what anguish of spirit I repeat the word *lost*. Can I bear the thought that one of our little circle should have the sentence, "Depart ye cursed," pronounced upon them? O listen to the invitations of the gospel, lest, when summoned to appear before the Majesty of Heaven, you lament, with bitter lamentation, your folly in neglecting these things until it was too late."

The following letter, containing an account of her visit to the Island of Madeira, is addressed to two of her younger brothers; one of whom has since been called away in the joyful hope of a blessed immortality, to join his beloved sister in a better world.

Funchal City, Island of Madeira,
Dec. 1, 1837.

My dear Brothers:

We have at length arrived at the beautiful Island of Madeira. Our ship anchored in the harbor on the morning of the 28th of November. None of our company, however, left the vessel until the next day; and then only the

gentlemen. They delivered their letters of introduction to Mr. Paine, an English gentleman with whom Mr. Lowrie staid while at the Island, and returned in the afternoon, bringing us oranges, lemons, green figs, bananas, guavas, Madeira nuts, apples, and a demijohn of delightful fresh water. As soon as our good captain went on shore he sent us some fine beef, cabbage, turnips, and baker's bread. And we have also had fresh fish, which very much resemble our shad.

Several of our company went on shore yesterday, but as sister W. was just recovering from an attack of sickness, and not able to go, I remained with her until this morning, which is the first day of winter in America. We rose quite early, dressed ourselves, and breakfasted on board; and then were raised successively in a large arm-chair by a tackle, and let down gently, though with perturbation, into a little Portuguese surf-boat; which was rowed by two natives. In about half an hour we were landed safely on the beach. We were immediately accosted and beset by beggars, from whom we

had some difficulty to rid ourselves. They are probably impostors, who station themselves on the beach for the sole purpose of annoying all who may land. The city of Funchal is walled, and subject to Portugal; we accordingly were obliged to pass through gates before we could enter it. The inhabitants are as dark colored as our mulattoes; and the first thing that attracted my attention was the cap worn by them. It is made of blue cloth in the shape of a cone, of about six inches in diameter at the base, and some half a foot or more in height. It has no brim at all, and covers, at most, not more than the fourth part of the head. It was a mystery to us all how they were kept on the head; unless there is some strong affinity between the head and cap. Their dress, generally, consists of a shirt and pantaloons, without suspenders, but gathered on a band around the waist and knees.

After passing through the gates and walking a short distance we were met by Mr. Barr, from England; a pious man, who has resided on the Island for the last five years, and is en-

gaged in business. He very kindly offered his services to show us any part of the city. We passed the Governor's palace, a massive old, fashioned house guarded by sentinels in uniform, and several other buildings which attracted our attention. Finally we arrived at the English burying ground, which is entered through massive gates. I was perfectly astonished to witness the beauty and regularity which characterize it. The avenues are sufficiently broad for two to walk abreast; there is a hedge row of different kinds of geraniums, all in bloom, and growing as luxuriantly as weeds in America. The graves are nearly all covered with vines of very rich roses. The geraniums and other flowers, many of which I have seen at home, grow here spontaneously; and their fragrance far exceeds the American. While passing along the streets I could not help admiring large branches running over the top of high walls, all in bloom, thinking what delight it would afford Mr. J—— to see plants as large as many of the small trees at home, which he would spend years in cultivating. The orange

and lemon trees are many of them as large as our apple trees; they are loaded with fruit, and the ground under them is literally covered. They are more plentiful than apples in our fruitful seasons. But I cannot give you any description of the city, its inhabitants, its fruits, or its flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. W., Mr. M. and myself are now at Mr. Paine's. His residence is situated on a hill; and the house is large and old-fashioned; the rooms are of enormous size. We dined between three and four o'clock, on boiled fish, roast beef and mutton; then rice pudding and stewed banana; and afterwards oranges and apples were served. The garden attached to the house is very splendid; containing flowers of the richest hue, and some of the finest trees I ever beheld. We can scarcely look out from a window in the building without seeing large orange and lemon trees with their limbs bending with the weight of the fruit. We expect to leave here to-morrow and return to our ship; feeling truly thankful that we have been permitted to enjoy so delightful a visit. Our

ship will sail again on Monday; and we are all anxious to get off, though every thing is calculated to please us. Although it is the first of December, it is as warm as summer with you. The air is clear, and the most pure and healthy in the world. I wish you and my dear little sisters F. and C. were by my side. I think you would be delighted to hear the sweet birds warbling their notes of praise to Him who made them. Every few moments I stop writing and look out of the window, and listen to their melodious voices. I must not omit telling you how Mrs. W. and myself were conveyed to Mr. Paine's. They have no carriages or horses here, except a few which I suppose are brought from England or America. The ladies ride in what are called palanquins. They are shaped very much like a cradle; made of wood and painted green or yellow. There is a strip of carpeting on the bottom; and a small cushion, covered with calico, to sit upon. The back is made just like an old-fashioned arm-chair; and over our heads, as we sit in it, are two long stout poles, that rest on the

shoulders of four men, two before and two behind. And across these poles is thrown a large calico spread, designed to cover you up entirely. But wishing to see all we could of the gardens and vineyards, we concluded to deviate a little from the Portuguese custom and ride uncovered. The houses here are two and sometimes three stories high, built of stone, plastered and whitewashed. They appear very old; but at a distance look remarkably neat and clean. Every foot of ground is cultivated, and mostly in vineyards. They had gathered their grapes and made their wine before we arrived. There are about thirty thousand inhabitants on the Island, and most of them are Roman Catholics.

When on the eve of sailing she adds in a postscript to her brother W.:

"We are almost ready to weigh anchor; and take our final leave of this beautiful Island. Brother Wilson and Mr. M. are very busily engaged in sealing up bottles of fresh water. We found our water so very unpleasant, partic-

ularly in sickness, that we begged of them to take some empty bottles and fill them with fresh water. My health has been greatly benefited by our visit to the Island, and the exercise I have taken. I hope to be spared from a second attack of sea-sickness. We shall double the Cape in about six weeks, if we have a prosperous voyage; but before that time you will have received our letters. The ship in which they are sent is the Odessa, Captain Dimming, bound to New-York. Captain D. breakfasted with us, and you cannot imagine our feelings towards any one who is going to our native land. I do not wish to return with him; but I have looked with swimming eyes at his beautiful vessel lying near our own. But they are calling for my letters; the custom-house officers are coming on board to give us our clearance; and in a few short hours we shall again become wanderers on the pathless ocean."

CHAPTER V.

LEAVES MADEIRA—EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL —SICKNESS—VOYAGE TO CALCUTTA.

This short visit to the beautiful Island of Madeira, appears to have afforded Mrs. Morrison much pleasure. For weeks she had been confined to the cabin, and most of the time to her couch, by a distressing sickness, which not only enfeebled her body but depressed her spirits. It was delightful, therefore, to meet with any thing to relieve the monotony of a long and tedious voyage. The effect of a change from the ship to the shore was at once visible. Every thing that she saw, or heard, or felt, seemed to impart pleasure to her mind, and fresh vigor to her languid system. The air was pure and balmy, and all the scenes and scenery possessed the excitement of novelty. The terraced and vine-covered hills; the rich luxuriance of tropical vegetation; the variety and fragrance of the shrubs and flowers, were

all new and striking objects of interest. "The general aspect of the mountains, as seen from the sea," says Mr. M., "is truly sublime. The shore is everywhere bold or precipitous, and the land rises from the water's edge to lofty peaks, suddenly broken by deep and frightful ravines. But what adds greatly to the sublimity of the scene is the cloudy state of the atmosphere, which generally prevails far up the mountains, while the inhabitants below enjoy clear weather and a beautiful sunshine. The mountains, from their height, appear to attract and detain every passing cloud, as if they needed, like land birds, some resting place from their weary flight. Sometimes the mountain tops appear jutting out in clear sunshine above their gloomy visitors; sometimes they are entirely enveloped in the same mists which shade the parts below; and sometimes these watery travellers appear too heavily laden to ascend entirely to the summit; so that while they rear their heads with sufficient density to obscure the peaks, they rest their feet upon the plain beneath, and the whole scene is beautifully va-

riegated, with fragments of rainbow here and there interspersed, and continually shifting their position to suit the varying motions of the clouds, and sometimes descending to the water's edge, and playing like a lambent flame upon the surface of the ocean."

But though she was delighted with every thing beautiful around her, yet she wished not to linger there: she was impatient to reach "her home in India,—that land of darkness and spiritual death." It was with gladness rather than regret, therefore, that on the 5th of December she bid adieu to Madeira, as the Edward spread her canvass to the breeze,

"To sail o'er silent seas again."

During the remainder of their voyage Mrs. M. kept "a journal, for the perusal of her parents, brothers and sisters," which no doubt contains a faithful record of her views and feelings, as well as the incidents occurring from day to day. From this journal we shall now introduce such extracts as may be adapted to interest the general reader.

Ship Edward, near the Equator,
Jan. 1, 1838.

As nothing of much interest has occurred since we left the harbor of Madeira, I have postponed the commencement of my journal until the present time. Thus far the winds have borne us very swiftly on our voyage, and we are within a few hours sail of the line. The weather in this region is so excessively hot, that we have all been studying this morning how we can make ourselves most comfortable. Our state-rooms we find it almost impossible to occupy. We are expecting, however, to enjoy cooler weather in a few days. My thoughts to-day have incessantly wandered to the land of my birth; and dwelt with mournful pleasure upon precious seasons that I am to enjoy no more. Obtained sweet relief, by pouring my sorrows into the bosom of that Saviour who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. "Nature will feel:" and although I can and do rejoice in prospect of the glorious work to which I have been called, I sometimes feel sad to think that "I shall see your faces no more."

But still it is my privilege to "press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." It is a cause of much grief to me, that I have done so little for Him who laid down his life for my redemption. I desire to spend my few remaining day entirely in his service. I know not what changes the present year may effect; perhaps the news may reach me of the death of some beloved friend or relative; of some endearing tie severed, that will make my heart bleed at the recollection. But still let us rejoice in the hope of a reunion in that land, where there is no sorrow, or sickness, or pain; but where all tears shall be wiped away.

January 2d. Crossed the equator yesterday, and shall, if prospered, reach the Cape of Good Hope in a few days. In the evening, we observed the monthly concert for prayer. Although we cannot meet in the sanctuary of the living God, we enjoy some soul-reviving seasons. We can meet in spirit with our dear absent friends, and unitedly plead for the blessing of God upon his cause in heathen lands;

and we have cherished the delightful thought, that your ardent prayers are ascending in behalf of the wanderers on the mighty ocean.

January 8th. Yesterday, Brother Wilson preached on deck. I never enjoyed public worship more when at home. The officers and sailors were all very attentive; and although we perceive nothing *special*, yet they manifest a great deal of interest; and a number of them attend evening prayers in the cabin. This evening we observed, with our dear American friends, the Sabbath school concert.

January 13th. We are now in latitude 31°. The weather this morning is quite cold, and I find my warmest clothing quite comfortable. Attended our female prayer meeting in sister C.'s room, and found the season very refreshing. As a company of dear sisters, we love to meet and plead for the cause of Zion throughout the world. We love to bear on our hearts to the mercy-seat the loved ones we have left, who are as dear to us as ever. And I have sometimes fancied, that at the same hour, perhaps, a beloved mother or father, brother or

sister, were sending up their earnest supplications in behalf of the absent ones.

From the last date to the 23d of January, there is a blank in her journal, occasioned by another attack of sickness still more severe than those that she had been called to endure. It is by no means a blank, however, in her religious history. Never before did her piety assume such a heavenly lustre; it was indeed like "gold tried in the fire." Never before had she been able to bear such clear and decided testimony to the faithfulness of God; and to the unspeakable value of our holy religion. Such testimony, given in such circumstances, ought not to be lost: it is a valuable legacy to the church. It reveals to us the Son of God, as he accompanies his followers through the glowing furnace of affliction; and it pours a flood of glory on their passage to the tomb. Her husband has furnished us with a narrative of her religious exercises during this trying period, in a letter to her parents, which we shall introduce almost entire.

Ship Edward, Feb. 3d, 1838.

My ever dear Parents:

Since we left the Island of Madeira, we have had to sing of judgment and mercy. Our voyage thus far has, as I suppose, been remarkably smooth for an India voyage. We have had but little of what a *sailor* would call very rough weather; none when we could not lie down as quietly to sleep as if we had been under the shelter of our paternal roof. Indeed, I may say, we have been under such a shelter. The Lord our God has been our shield and exceeding great reward; so that when the lightning has flashed around us, and the thunders rolled, and the winds and waves appeared to vie with each other, which should rage most furiously, and most threaten us with destruction, we have been enabled to look abroad upon the awful grandeur of the scene, and say, with the most perfect composure, "My Father rules them all." The Lord has performed unto us his own most precious promises: he has kept our minds in perfect peace, sweetly stayed on

his own unchanging faithfulness. And I cannot express how much we are indebted to the goodness of God, for sending in our company a pious physician.

But kindly as we have been provided for in this respect, our beloved Anna has, to all appearance, been brought down to the very borders of the grave. In some subsequent letter I will give you the particulars of her complaint and her medical treatment. At present I shall speak more particularly of the goodness of God, in sustaining her under the most intense sufferings, causing her to triumph over the fear of death, and restoring her again to health and a good degree of strength. For the purpose of greater accuracy, I shall extract from a journal which I kept during her sickness.

She appeared pretty well, until Sabbath, January 14th, when she experienced a return of her headache. It commenced in the morning and continued gradually to increase. Before the hour of public worship—it being my turn to officiate—I discovered that she was worse, and proposed remaining with her. But

she replied, it would not be right to leave those perishing souls without the bread of life, for the sake of taking care of her body, and she thought I might safely leave her, long enough to discharge my public duties. On returning to her bedside I found her suffering most intensely, and hardly able to speak; and soon after she was seized with convulsions. At intervals during the day she was entirely bereft of her reason. And while suffering under her more severe paroxysms of pain, and mental aberration of mind, she talked incoherently of home, and begged me to send into the office for her father. I reminded her that she was on board of a ship, and on her way to the heathen, to teach them about Christ. This immediately calmed her mind, and on one occasion she said, "O yes! I forgot that precious Saviour!" I inquired, "Are you not sorry now, since you have to suffer so much, far from home, that you have forsaken all for Christ?" She appeared to feel hurt at the intimation, and replied with peculiar emphasis: "O, no! I love him; I could lay down a thousand lives in his

cause, if I had them." "Is the Saviour precious to you *now?*" said I. "O yes," she replied, "the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." This was not a connected conversation, but was held during intervals of partial relief from excruciating pain. She several times said to me, "Do not let me complain, and dishonor my precious Saviour." I several times overheard her applying to the great Physician for relief; but could not always understand what she said. Such ejaculations as these were sometimes audible to all around her bed: "Precious Saviour, take me to thyself,—relieve me from this suffering,—nevertheless not my will, but thine be done,—it is all right,—make me patient, submissive," &c. After she was completely restored to her right mind, she inquired with much solicitude, whether she had not dishonored her Saviour by impatience, or unkindness to any one around her; or by saying any thing improper. On being told that she had not, but had borne delightful testimony to the preciousness of Christ, she replied, "O no; it cannot be; I am so sinful."

January 15*th*. Another day of worldly toil and trouble; but of spiritual joys. A little after noon, her headache returning, we resorted to precautionary measures, to prevent, if possible, a return of those dreadful convulsions with which she was yesterday afflicted. Notwithstanding all we could do, they came on while we were thus engaged; and the only effect of our efforts was to check their violence and shorten their duration. This we regarded as a great blessing; for, to all human appearance, she could not have survived a return of them in all their violence. Her great concern during the whole day appeared to be, not what she had suffered, or might yet suffer, but whether she had said or done any thing to dishonor Him, who was so precious to her. And never did I witness such a complete triumph over the fear of death. Knowing that she had always suffered much from this cause, I asked her, if death now appeared terrible to her, when it seemed to be so very near? "Not at all," she replied, "it has no terrors for me. Christ has passed through the dark valley, and

dissipated all its gloom." During the day she frequently repeated parts of hymns, and passages of Scripture, which appeared peculiarly precious to her. On the following stanza she dwelt with great satisfaction and delight:

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

At another time, I heard her endeavoring to collect from the scattered fragments in her memory, that inimitably beautiful passage near the close of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians,—"This corruptible must put on incorruption." I then repeated the whole of the passage to the close of the 56th verse; when she added with great emphasis, "But thanks be to God, which giveth us,—*me*, *me* the chief of sinners,—the *victory* through our Lord Jesus Christ." On being asked, which she would choose, to live, or to die; she hesitated, and seemed to be in a strait betwixt two, having a desire "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." She mentioned but one reason why

she would like to live,—to tell the perishing heathen of a glorious Redeemer; but then she said, she had no will but his. She was asked, if she could give me up, and leave me alone in this dreary world? "O yes," she replied, "I can trust him with the Saviour: and I know it will be but a short time before he will follow me."

With such and many other and similar evidences of her ripeness for glory, and her desire to be with Christ, my selfishness was so subdued, that, while I wept at the thought of such a bereavement, I could not say to her "stay with me." I could only pray, Lord, if consistent with thy righteous will, lend her to me, to thy church, and to a ruined world, a little longer.

January 16*th.* The light of this morning dawned upon me in all its beauty; but its loveliness only served, by the depth of the contrast with what was passing around and within me, to render more awful the gloom of that cloud which overhung my path. Brother W. told me, that the situation of Mrs. M. was, as I

feared, very critical. The dreadful thought, though not a stranger to me, now flashed upon my mind with a force and conviction never before experienced, that in a few hours, or at most a few days, death would, in all probability, snatch from my embrace my dearest earthly friend, and leave me a solitary wanderer in a gloomy wilderness. My dear wife, from the commencement of her sickness, said she expected soon to leave me: and charged me frequently to let her know when we thought her dying, as she wished to leave some messages. She received the intelligence of her probable dissolution as calmly, and I doubt not much more calmly, than if it had been a summons to return to the home of her childhood. She said it was good news: she would rather depart and be with Christ, and repeated part of the hymn, "If Jesus Christ be precious here," &c. "Tell my friends," said she, "I am not sorry. I *rejoice* that I have left all to suffer for Christ. My dying testimony is, that 'Christ is all in all.'" On recovering from one of her turns of fainting, which now became frequent,

owing to her great weakness, she exclaimed, "Why did you bring me back? I was almost home." And several times she said, that she thought herself just at the gate of heaven. She spoke with great emphasis and satisfaction of the peace which Christ left as a legacy to his disciples, and said, "I *know* it is so: my peace flows as a river; a peace, I am sure, the world cannot give. You know," she continued, "that death has always been such a terror to me; but now it has no terrors for me: Christ has endured it, and despoiled it of them all." I cannot repeat all that she said; but this is a faithful specimen of the tenor of her conversation, and of the exercises of her mind.

But the remedies employed operated well, and, by the blessing of God, were effectual in subduing her disease. Although it left her in such a debilitated state, that great care was necessary to prevent a relapse, yet in a few days we were again hoping for her entire recovery. I have been thus particular in giving you an account of every thing as far as I could, because I felt assured that you would read it

with the deepest interest. Join with us, then, in thanksgiving and praise to God for his great goodness to us in all his dealings with us. And pray continually, that we may yet be made ministering spirits, sent forth to the heathen to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation.

We now resume her journal.

January 23*d.* I have been prevented from writing in my journal a number of days past, on account of a serious attack of sickness, which commenced on the day which closed the twenty-fourth year of my probationary existence. As my dear husband will give you a particular account of the extreme sufferings through which I was called to pass, I will not attempt a description. Suffice it to say, that I look upon myself with wonder and astonishment as being able so soon to sit bolstered in my rocking-chair long enough to write afew lines in my journal. Truly, death stared me in the face; and I was very near entering the

gates of the kingdom, where, as I humbly trust, I should have enjoyed uninterrupted happiness forever; and where I still hope to meet all my dear friends, redeemed by the blood of Christ. But I am yet spared; and I feel that it becomes me to "bless and praise the name of the Lord," that he has restored me thus far, when I was apparently so near eternity. Its glories dawned upon my sight; and I desired rather to depart and be with Christ, if it was God's will that I should not enter on my labors,—for I knew it would be far better. Yes, my dear parents, the Lord then afforded me a delightful foretaste of that world of blessedness and glory, which I cannot describe. His presence, during the most trying hour, filled my little room with light and joy. And although he had cast my lot far from those who would have watched over me with yearning tenderness in that season of anguish, still his presence was vouchsafed to me, and his peace flowed into my soul like a river. O! I felt with the poet, that

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

He has seen fit, however, to bless the means used for my recovery; and is again restoring my strength, which I trust will hereafter be spent in his service.

January 26th. Have been on deck to-day for the first time in a fortnight, and enjoyed it greatly. The air was so sweet and refreshing, that I almost fancied I was inhaling a breeze from land. We sometimes think it would be a gratification to see the hills and vales of our dear native land,—rendered now still dearer by the immense distance which separates us from it; but my mind is kept in perfect peace, being stayed on the Lord. If we are prospered, we shall reach India in sixty days after leaving the Cape of Good Hope. In visiting Madeira we were obliged to deviate from the usual course, and our voyage in consequence of it will be considerably lengthened.

January 27th. Although storms are raging without, and the vessel is tossed by waves that are almost mountain high, yet all is peace within; and we feel the sweet assurance that Christ has but to speak the word, and all will

be calm. Spent an hour this afternoon in teaching our Bengalee servant to read English. He seems much interested, and is a smart, intelligent boy. Mr. M. told him, that if he would learn to read before we reached Calcutta, he would give him a Bible. He is a Mohammedan, and I cannot describe the pleasure I felt in being permitted to explain to him something of the nature of the Christian religion. I commenced by hearing him spell words in the book that I was reading. I pointed to the word "Christ," and, after spelling it, asked him if he knew what it meant. He replied, "God." I then explained how, and for whom he died. He exclaimed, "Not for Hindoo sinners?" I said, certainly, for sinners everywhere. "But," he replied, "I shall lose caste if I take the Americans' God." I urged him "not to fear them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but rather to fear him who can destroy both soul and body in hell."

January 28th. A very cold day; had preaching in the after-cabin, and Mr. M. officiated. But six of the seamen were present. In the

afternoon, the mission family met as a Bible class; and all became so much interested in the subject as to forget that they were shivering with cold. I have also been greatly delighted in reading the Memoirs of Dr. Carey, who spent his days in the benighted land to which we are bound. O that I may, when my work is done, be prepared to follow him to a world of eternal blessedness! I enjoy singing very much; and often wish for a dear brother or sister from home to join me. To-day I have been singing "My faith looks up to thee," and "Rise my soul and stretch thy wings," &c.

January 30*th.* I have never witnessed so heavy a sea, as we had this morning. Found it almost impossible to write, or to keep in any one position. It is much more calm this evening, and we have the prospect of fine weather. To our no small satisfaction we have passed the meridian of the "Cape," and are now ten thousand miles from home. Six thousand more will land us in Calcutta. There we shall be "strangers in a strange land;" the voices of friends and kindred will not greet our ears; and we

shall be far from a land of Sabbaths and sanctuaries. But "thus saith the Lord God, although I have cast them far off among the heathen; and although I have scattered them among the countries; yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come." Ezek. 11: 16. Our journey like that of the children of Israel is a long and toilsome one; yet the promise given in connection with our commission is cheering, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

"Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?"

January 31*st*. One of the most lovely days that we have had. I have been able to exercise on deck: the sea is calm and tranquil, and the air bracing to the nerves, and exhilarating to the spirits. Spent an hour with my Bengalee pupil this afternoon. He says, if he can only get to Calcutta, and bathe in the sacred water, he

shall not want a Bible. I endeavored, but in vain, to convince him, that all the water in the Ganges could not cleanse him from sin. When will "the day dawn and the day-star arise," and shine upon poor benighted India! This evening we held our "Social Conference." The question for discussion was, "The evidences of an interest in Christ, and the best method of promoting true Christian friendship." The brethren all take part in the exercises; and we have found them very delightful and profitable meetings. Our company, we think, is a very agreeable and pleasant one. This adds much to our comfort and happiness. Truly we "have every thing and abound." "O for a heart to serve my Saviour faithfully, and to be wholly resigned to his will!"

February 3*d.* I could not prevent my thoughts to-day, from wandering across the trackless ocean, to my dear *given up* home. Although I have the kindest of friends, and the most unwearied attention when sick; still the counsel of dear parents, and the tender concern of affectionate sisters would be most grateful to me.

The sisters and brothers of the mission, I can assure you, are dear to my heart. The Christian and social intercourse which I am permitted to enjoy with them, I cannot too highly appreciate; but it is a different tie which binds me to those dear brothers and sisters whom I have left, in all probability, to gaze upon no more until that day when our disembodied spirits shall meet around the throne, and join in singing "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." And is there one of the precious number whom I shall not meet there? Is there one, who shall not come forth, and with palms in his hands, exclaim "victory, victory;"—and with dear parents unite in ascribing glory and honor to him who hath redeemed them by his blood? That will be a glorious hour, when our beloved circle shall be all complete in heaven. I love now more than ever to think of that time. It is the *only* meeting with you, to which I desire to look forward.

February 4th. This morning dawned upon us with all the loveliness of a May morning in America. Although we can see nothing but

"the blue above, and the blue around,"—tending to impress us with a sense of our helplessness and dependence on Him, who made the sea and the dry land,—still the rest of the holy Sabbath is ours. We cannot, with you, mingle with the great congregation; we cannot go with the multitude who keep holy-day, to the courts of the Lord's house; but we can hail the precious Sabbath, as a delightful antepast of the rest of heaven, when the cares of this toilsome life is over. The prospect of encountering a severe gale of wind from the south, prevented our having service on deck, as we anticipated in the morning. Brother Wilson lectured however in the after-cabin. Towards evening the sea ran very high, without much wind; and it is supposed to be occasioned by a very heavy gale to the north. I went on deck to see the height of the waves; and it seemed to me that we must be dashed in pieces by their violence and fury. I could not but exclaim, "the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

February 5th. The gale still continues with increased violence. The captain said that this

was one of the most awful mornings that he had ever witnessed. Every thing movable was dashed around the cabin; and none of us dared move for fear of getting our limbs broken. In the evening we met to observe the monthly concert. We trust that many of the friends of Zion are even now following us with their prayers, as they have met to plead for the Saviour's cause in heathen lands.

February 6th. We have been moving on very prosperously to-day; for the last twelve hours we have made two degrees. But it only widens the distance between us. I trust, however, that the separation has been sanctified to me. What is there worth living for, but to serve Christ? There is nothing satisfying on earth; all is vanity. But when I have toiled and suffered a little while in his service, my rest will be glorious.—Passed a part of the afternoon very pleasantly in hearing my heathen pupil. I find that he advances very rapidly. Every moment of spare time that he can get, he is seen with his book in his hand. He asked me to-day, why I left father and mother;—whether

I can get more money in India than in America. I endeavored to make him understand the motives that led us to make such sacrifices; but he is ignorant and incredulous. He desires very much to go and live with us at Allahabad. I told him, I did not want any one to live with me, who worshipped Hindoo gods. His whole difficulty seems to be the fear of losing caste. O that his darkened mind may be enlightened by the Holy Spirit!

February 7th. Awoke this morning and found it raining; and to our great joy it continued to increase until the afternoon. This we consider as one of God's kind providences for which we have abundant reason to be grateful. For some days past we had been put on allowance for water; and we had great fear of being entirely out before reaching our destination. We had the misfortune to lose six hundred gallons; in consequence of which one pint a day only was allowed to each person. Our pity was excited for the poor sailors, who, being obliged to live on salt food, were really suffering for the want of water. Every vessel was therefore

put in requisition; and all who could bear the exposure were busily engaged. And you would have been amused to see with what eagerness we crowded around a pitcher-full of fresh water that was sent into the cabin as soon as it was caught.

Feb. 11th. Find that there is nearly nine hours difference in our time from yours. Can it be that I am so far from my happy home? I can scarcely realize it, even when I cast my eyes on the boundless waste of waters around me. But still I am more than happy. If it were in my own power to return to you now I would not do it. As much as I love you all, and ardently as I long to see you, I would not come back to dwell in the land of my birth. No, I have been made, I trust, a trophy of redeeming grace and mercy; and can I refuse to bear His name to the nations, who know him not, because I love father and mother, sister and brother? Because my affections cluster around the dear delights of home, should I refuse obedience to my Saviour's call? No, I can still erect my Ebenezer, and rejoice that I am so near the heathen.

His presence can make the darkest hour bright, even in a land of darkness; and I do not fear to trust him. I have received even more than a hundred-fold.

February 14th. We are now in the Indian Ocean, and our company are all in fine health and spirits. We begin to feel fhat we are drawing near to the shores of India; that land of spiritual darkness, desolation and death. While we must rejoice at the prospect of once more beholding land, there is something melancholy in the thought of meeting those poor idolaters for whom Christ died, and seeing them bow and worship gods of wood and stone, which their own hands have made. The brethren met this evening to read their instructions, and to make the necessary arrangements before reaching Calcutta. We hope not to be detained more than two weeks there.

February 25th, Sabbath. Since my last date the Lord has again laid his afflicting hand upon me and brought me through another season of severe suffering. But when I reflect on the goodness and mercy of God, and the salutary

influence which, I trust, these chastisements have had on my heart, every rebellious thought, and every murmuring word is checked; and I am enabled, cheerfully, to submit to Him who "never afflicts willingly, nor grieves the children of men." How gracious is our covenant keeping God in chastening his children when it is for their profit. I hope and pray that the afflictions with which I have been visited may prepare me for more extensive usefulness in the vineyard of my blessed Master; and fit me for the mansions of rest. There sorrow and pain shall never enter; and the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick." I know the time is short; my work will soon be done. What matters it if we be separated for a season; you, my dear friends, in America, and I in burning India? We have the same kind Protector; and we have the unspeakable privilege of meeting in spirit at the same mercy seat. And what matters it if a few fleeting days be spent in toil and sorrow, since we can look forward to a crown of glory that fadeth not away?

We can rejoice in tribulation, knowing that it will soon be over.

"Soon will the painful conflict cease;
Soon will the raging storm be o'er;
Soon we shall reach the realm of peace,
Where suffering shall be known no more."

February 26th. Friday has been spent by the mission family in fasting and prayer to God for the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the officers and crew of the vessel. Of late there has been much indifference to religion manifested by them. My Bengalee student has also been induced to discontinue his visits to my room. I was much grieved at this, as he manifested an ardent desire to learn; and was making very fair progress. He came to my room one day with tears in his eyes, and told me he could not study his book any more. I inquired the reason; he said there was some one on board who did not wish him to read; and he could not learn any more until he reached Calcutta. This, I suppose, is but a specimen of the difficulties and discouragements with which I shall meet in laboring among the degraded Hindoos.

March 3*d.* Was kept awake last night by the storm. The flashes of lightning occasionally meeting my eyes from the sky-light were very vivid. A storm at sea is one of the most terrific sights that can be imagined. It far surpasses, in awful grandeur, any that we see on land. It baffles all attempts at description. The foaming mountain-waves; the raging winds; the black and angry sky; and the continual glare of the lightning, are fitted to create alarm and terror in any mind that is not stayed on God. How often have I seen fear depicted on the countenances of our wicked sailors, in seasons of danger. And well they may tremble, for they have no refuge,—no covert from the storm of divine vengeance.

March 8*th.* The weather is excessively warm; —the warmest days of our summer, it seems to me, would be cool compared with it. We have been becalmed most of the day,—the wind scarcely sufficient to ruffle the surface of the water. Towards evening, however, it freshened; and we are now sailing quite swiftly. We are not far from the Equator; and

shall soon be favored with the Monsoon, which will waft us speedily to our desired haven. It will be delightful, once more to set foot on land, and to witness some change of scene. It is long since we have been favored with any thing, even the sight of a distant sail, to vary the prospect of sky and sea. "Bear me on, thou restless ocean." Waft me speedily, ye winds, to my home in India.

March 10*th.* The weather is still almost intolerably hot. The thermometer stood at 97° in the shade, and 111° in the sun. The boards inside of our companion-way were hot enough to blister the hand. The sunsets on the ocean, and in this latitude, are most gorgeous and splendid. Our moonlight evenings too, are delightful; and we always leave the deck with reluctance, to breathe the confined air of the cabin below.

March 14*th.* It is five months to-day since we came on board the Edward; and you are probably thinking of us, as safely landed in Calcutta. The heat is still excessive; and we are parched with thirst. We seize a cup of

water from our dirty casks, with as much avidity as you would a glass of ice-water, or lemonade. This evening however we were favored with a most delightful breeze, and a heavy dash of rain, which has served to cool the atmosphere; so we have the prospect of a comfortable night's sleep. We have now water sufficient to last us until we enter the mouth of the Hoogley. Truly it becomes us, with thanksgiving, to record the goodness of the Lord to his unworthy servants. He has been our good Shepherd and supplied all our wants. He has watched over us by night, and in the dark and cloudy day. In the midst of our outward trials he has given us inward peace. What a privilege to have such a Guide and Protector.

"Here we meet with heavy crosses;
Many burdens we must bear;
But the Lord can make our losses,
Lighter than the ambient air."

This evening attended our social conference, and found it a profitable and refreshing season.

March 16*th*. To-day our ship has been a scene of confusion, in consequence of two sharks making their appearance astern. I had a good

view of them from our cabin windows, and they presented a fine appearance while in the water. The captain harpooned one of them, and the other was caught with a hook. They are the most tenacious of life of any animal that I ever saw; even after they were cut open they threw themselves about with a force and violence that seemed to defy death.

March 28th. We are making good progress up the Bay. This morning, a Chinese ship was seen distinctly with the naked eye. A large English brig also passed so near us, last evening, that the light from her stern windows was easily distinguished. We have been much encouraged within a few days, by the more than usual seriousness of some of our men. Mr. M. has had several conversations with them at different times; and some of them seem determined to lead different lives. At our evening worship, all attend who can be spared from duty; and they manifest an increasing interest in religion. We cannot but hope that the good seed sown, will yet spring up; and that the many earnest and fervent prayers which have

been put up for them, will bring down a rich and lasting blessing upon their souls.

March 31*st.* Mr. M. went out with a number of the crew in the small boat, to catch some fish, as our stock of fresh provisions on board is nearly exhausted. They soon returned, having taken a shark about four feet long, and a number of small blackfish. We passed, as our captain told us, the first of the week, within one hundred and fifty miles of Madras. We longed very much to make the missionaries there a call; but the winds and the waves soon wafted us by.

April 4*th.* Cheered with good news this morning; we shall probably take a pilot to-morrow. And all are busy, making preparations to land. The color of the water was suddenly changed, this forenoon, from a deep indigo blue to a light green, which is always regarded as a certain indication that land is near. I cannot express to you the raptures of joy which filled every breast, at the prospect of a speedy termination of our voyage. But although the voyage has been long and tedious, in many respects it

has been pleasant and profitable. The social intercourse which we have had with each other; our precious little meetings; and the privileges of the Sabbath, have contributed greatly to our happiness; and we sometimes feel sad, when we reflect that the time will soon come that will separate us, it may be forever. With the officers and crew of the vessel our next meeting will, in all probability, be at the judgment seat of Christ.

The severe afflictions which I have endured, I sometimes think was the very preparation I needed to qualify me for usefulness in our field of labor. I only regret that I have not made a better improvement of the lessons which God has taught me. We have the precious assurance, "that these light afflictions," if rightly improved, "will work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." We have not left our "sweet homes," expecting to be exempted from trials and sufferings. No; our life is a warfare; dangers and difficulties attend it at every step; and we feel the need of "putting on the whole armor of God," that

we may be able to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and to "fight manfully the good fight of faith."

April 5th. About two o'clock, the pilot-boat hove in sight: and we soon perceived that she was rapidly approaching. Every heart beat high with joy at the sight. We all took our stations on deck, to watch her as she came bounding over the waves. She passed under our stern, and rounded to on our lee-side. Her small boat was soon lowered, and the oars taken by ten natives; and in a few minutes our pilot was welcomed on board. He is an Englishman, gentlemanly in his manners, and dressed in a blue cloth coat, white pantaloons, and slippers. We all gazed at him, both crew and passengers, as if we were surprised to find that there were other beings in the world besides ourselves. His servant is quite a young looking lad, dressed in white muslin, with a yellow scarf around his waist, and a red cap on his head. I cannot express my feelings at the first sight of the natives; their countenances are effeminate, and bear the most evident marks of

degradation. And are these the beings, I remarked to sister W. who stood near me—Are these the beings for whom we have come to labor, and for whom the Saviour of mankind died?

This morning at five o'clock, I caught the first sight of land. We are now quietly sailing up the Hoogley; and hope to reach Calcutta to-morrow. O! if the dear friends at home only knew of our safety and happiness, it would afford us great satisfaction. But we must be content to wait a year before we can have an exchange of letters. Many changes must take place before that time arrives. How well it is, that we do not know what is before us,—what trials and difficulties are marked out for us; and how delightful it is to lean with implicit confidence on our covenant keeping God, with the precious assurance that he will not forsake us, "though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." Our company are all in fine health and spirits: *happy beyond expression*, though far from our dear native land, and separated from friends, and many of the privileges of a civilized land.

The above extracts from her journal, afford delightful evidence of her deep and increasing interest in the glorious cause to which her life was consecrated. She longed to be actively engaged in the work; and rejoiced that the winds and waves were wafting her so swiftly to the scenes of her future labor. And she seemed to feel, that if she could be instrumental in rescuing *one* soul from the dominion of ignorance and superstition; of pouring the light of truth divine into *one* benighted mind; of leading *one* guilty spirit to the fountain of cleansing; and of kindling up in *one* despairing and desolate heart, the hope of a blessed immortality, she would be amply rewarded for all the sacrifices which she had made, and for a life of toil and self-denial. And it is delightful also, to witness the sanctifying influence of her afflictions upon her heart and life. The beatific, but unrevealed visions of her sick chamber, seem to have thrown a salutary shade over all earthly things. The world was fast losing its hold upon her affections; she no longer regarded it as her home. Her heart and her hopes, were

more than ever above; and her yearnings and aspirations after the blissful realities of the heavenly world seemed to increase from day to day. And there is something in the subdued and tender spirit that she breathed; in the freedom from all anxiety in regard to her future lot, that she manifested; in the unruffled composure, and sweet peace of mind that she enjoyed, and in the almost prophetic tones of some of the last sentences that she penned, that might perhaps justify our anticipations of the melancholy event which another chapter must disclose.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL AT CALCUTTA—SICKNESS—DEATH.

After an unusually long passage of one hundred and seventy days, the Edward anchored in safety at Calcutta, on the sixth of April, 1838. But although their confinement had been tedious, and several of them had suffered much from sickness, they were now "in fine health and spirits." They had hoped not to be detained there, longer than to make the necessary arrangements for their departure up the Ganges: and they were now the more anxious to proceed immediately, as the cholera was raging with considerable violence among the native population of the city, while the country generally was reported to be healthy. Although but here and there a solitary case had been fatal among the Europeans, still they desired, if possible, to avoid any exposure to its ravages. But there was an unforeseen difficulty in the way of an immediate departure, and their long passage

had delayed them so much that the hot winds were now in full blast, during the prevalence of which, it is considered unsafe to travel in India, by land or water. There were "perils in the city," therefore, and perils in the country. The season when they arrived, is regarded as the most trying in the whole year. In accordance with the advice of friends and physicians, the missionaries deemed it best to defer their departure until the first of June. And in the course of a few days we find them "comfortably settled in their own hired house."

Allahabad, to which, as their field of labor, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison were designated, is an old and important city. It is pleasantly situated at the confluence of the Jumna and Ganges, about four hundred and seventy-five miles northwest of Calcutta. It is said to contain a population, exclusive of the garrison, of twenty thousand souls; it has a magnificent citadel; and its fortifications are impregnable to any native army. It derives its principal interest and importance, from its proximity to the largest and most holy prayaga of the Hindoos, so noted,

that it is called the "king of worshipped places;" and the territory, to the extent of forty miles round, is deemed holy ground. So numerous are the pilgrims who resort hither for ablution, that for this indulgence an annual contribution of fifty thousand rupees has been paid into the vizier's treasury. And formerly, human sacrifices were of frequent occurrence here. The following instance is described by a spectator of the scene:—"Sixteen females, accompanied by as many priests, went in boats on the river, opposite Allahabad, and proceeded to the spot where the Ganges and the Jumna, two sacred rivers, unite their purifying streams. Each victim had a large earthen pan slung over her shoulders. She descended over the side of the boat into the river, and was then held up by the priest, till she had filled the pans with water, when the priest let go his hold, and the pans dragged her to the bottom. And thus died amidst the applauses of the spectators, and assisted by the priests of the country, sixteen females, as a single offering to the demon of destruction. They died, under the firm persua-

sion, that this was the direct way to heaven. The priests enjoyed the scene, and spoke of it to their friends as a pleasant morning gambol. We have here no weepers; no remonstrants; no youth interposing to save them to society. They go down to the bottom, as loose stones which have no adhesion to the quarry; as creatures for which society has no use. Nor must it be supposed that this is a solitary instance; these immolations are so common, that they excite very little anxiety indeed at Allahabad, and beyond that city they are scarcely mentioned."

The Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, had this city under consideration, as a station for missionary operations, when an interesting communication was received from Mr. McEwen, who was led by providential circumstances to remain there for some time, instead of proceeding directly to the stations in the northwest. He met with so much encouragement in his labors, that he formed a church of ten or twelve members, one of whom was a native, the others

partly of European descent, whose minds received their first serious religious impressions under his ministry. The Board regarded it as opening to them a large, important, and interesting field of labor; and they determined at once to establish a permanent station there. And this was the spot which Mrs. M. had, for many months, looked upon as her future home; here she hoped to live, and labor, and die. But the Lord of the vineyard had otherwise determined in regard to her; she was destined never to reach it.

It was not long after their arrival in Calcutta, before Mrs. M. experienced another attack of that dreadful pain in the head, attended with convulsions, from which she suffered so severely on the voyage. In a letter to her sisters, dated April 13th, Mr. Morrison writes:—"Our dear Anna did intend to write to you herself, but she is too unwell. She had been complaining a day or two, and yesterday she was again siezed with convulsions. She was, however, soon relieved, by the application of leeches and ice to the head; and is so much better to-day,

that she is continually teazing me for permission to write some. If she continues to get better, I may gratify her, and leave a small corner for her to fill; but I fear it would tend to bring on another attack. If she is careful, I think she will get through it very well."

The little note which she appended to the above letter, must be regarded as the faint murmur of her last farewell.

"I thought my corner would be a *small* one. This is all I am allowed to write. I could say a thousand things to you all; but I am unable, being obliged to lie upon my back most of the time. I mean to have a letter ready for the first ship that sails after this one.

"Adieu, dearest sisters,

"ANNA."

From this attack, however, she so far recovered as to be able to ride out again; and she continued to improve until the afternoon of the 27th, when the first symptoms of the fatal dis-

ease made their appearance. The weak and debilitated state of her system, no doubt, predisposed her to its attacks, and rendered her an easy and almost unresisting victim. And, "the first ship that sailed," instead of her promised letter, brought the melancholy and afflicting intelligence that she was no more,—that she died of Asiatic cholera, after a severe but short illness of twelve hours. But the closing scene will best be given, in the language of her bereaved husband.

Calcutta, May, 4th, 1838.

My ever dear Parents:

You know that our dear Anna was a delightful singer, in America: but she never sung half so sweetly as she does now. Within the last few days she has learned a new song; that song which none but the redeemed from among men can learn. She has received a golden harp from the King of Zion; and O, what a choir has she joined! Such music was never heard on earth but once, when those bright celestial beings who visited the shepherds on the plains

of Bethlehem, sung, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace good will towards men." Yes, our beloved Anna has finished her pilgrimage,—has exchanged earth for heaven.

One week ago to-day, she complained a little, in the morning, of sickness at the stomach; but it soon passed off, and we thought no more of it, as she went about her daily duties as usual, and remarked how well she felt. After considerable exertion during the forenoon, she felt the need of a little rest, and lay down, exacting a promise that I would call her in time for dinner. When the time came I spoke to her; and being in a sound sleep she started up very suddenly and was thrown all into a tremor, and at dinner felt so unwell as to be obliged to leave the table. During the whole afternoon, she complained of feeling somewhat unwell; but thought that a short ride, and the fresh air, would do her good. Accordingly, I procured a carriage and took her and Mrs. McEwen out, about a mile and a half or two miles, to call upon one of the English missionaries. We returned immediately; but she was evidently

much worse, and went to bed with a violent pain in her bowels.

[After mentioning several remedies, which he administered without any effect, Mr. M. continues.]

Fearing to let it go on any further, I sent for a physician, who came about midnight: and the moment he began to examine her case, all my fears were confirmed, that she was suffering from an attack of the cholera. He decidedly approved of all that I had done; and prescribed more powerful remedies, which were strictly applied; but before day she began to suffer severely, from violent spasms of cramp, in her feet and legs. As soon as they came on, I sent for the doctor again, but he did not arrive until near six o'clock. He immediately gave her a tea-spoonful of black drop, and prescribed thirty drops every hour and a half, with other remedies equally energetic. But it was all of no avail. The disease appeared to hold on its course, as steadily, and fearfully, as if no obstacle had been thrown in its way. About the middle of the afternoon, she appeared re-

lieved from her spasms almost entirely, and her symptoms were better, so that I began to entertain some hope of her recovery; but her rapid sinking too soon made it evident that this was only because the disease had finished its work. During the forenoon the physician in attendance brought in another, very eminent in his profession, to consult in regard to her; and he advised to continue the treatment, only to apply the remedies more frequently. So that I feel satisfied that every thing that human skill could accomplish was done for her.

Thus much for the disease and its treatment, —which is all painful to contemplate; but let us now turn to the other more interesting and important part of the history of our dear departed friend. From the first she could not be persuaded that this sickness was not unto death. Not that she felt any fearful anticipations of death, or desired longer life,—far otherwise. She had no fear; but rejoiced in the prospect. Her confidence in the hope of eternal life, was not at all in any thing she had done, but in the finished work of Christ. This she frequently

and strongly expressed. And in view of this, she said to a missionary standing by her bedside, "Oh, how I used to be troubled with the fear of death! it made my life unhappy; but now it is altogether different,—all is *bright*, there is not a cloud." She requested him to pray with her; "but not," she said, "for my recovery, unless the Lord shall think best." Her great anxiety appeared to be, lest she should complain, and not suffer as a Christian. She charged us all to live more for Christ than she had done; and wished me to let her know when we thought her dying, as she had some messages to give me. Her spasms, however, came on with such violence, that although I asked her what messages she had to send, long before we thought her case hopeless, she said her distress was such that she could not collect her thoughts sufficiently to do it. She saw me once deeply affected, sitting by her side, with my head resting on my hand, and pulling me to her, she begged me not to yield to my feelings; it was trying to see me suffer; it was trying to part, but we had before given each

other up, and could do so again, as our separation would not be long. In short, she gave the same delightful evidence of her readiness to depart and dwell forever with the Lord, that she did on board the ship. Even to her last words she evinced the same calm, collected state of mind, resting upon the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the only ground of hope. When her physician gave us to understand that he had no hope of her recovery, I went to her immediately, and asked her if she was ready to receive the summons to go and be with Christ? She replied, without the least appearance of agitation, "Yes." I told her the opinion of the physician, and that I thought this was the last day we should spend together in this world. To all this she listened with perfect composure. I asked her how she felt now that death was so certainly near? She simply replied, "Happy." Soon after, observing that she was fast sinking, I asked her, How does the prospect now appear? "Glorious," was her only reply,—and she spoke no more until she joined the song of the redeemed ones

around the throne. In a few moments she sweetly sunk to rest in the arms of Jesus, without a struggle or a groan.

Thus, my beloved parents, has closed the mortal career of one dear to me as my own life. I can yet hardly realize the fact that it is so; but my lonely situation, and every thing around me, reminds me that it is no dream. Oh, what a blank this world appears to me! But it is all ordered in infinite wisdom and goodness. I cannot complain; neither can I mourn for her, but O how sadly I have reason to feel for myself, and for this degraded, dying people! She has been taken from the evil in the world, and ushered into a region of ineffable glory and blessedness. O then let us quell every murmuring thought, and suppress every rising sigh, with the reflection, that an eternal weight of glory is now revealed to her. O where is she? what is her employment? and what is her society? Let these considerations assuage our grief, animate our hopes, and stimulate us to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." It was

our delight to anticipate a dying hour, and endeavor to prepare each other for it. It was our delight to read the word of God together; to pray together; to converse on heavenly things, and read those devotional works which tended more immediately to wean us from the world, and fix our hearts and hopes more firmly on our eternal inheritance. And now I rejoice that it was so; for although she is gone, I know it is only to enter first upon that blessed inheritance, which we loved to contemplate together here below. This has made our separation comparatively easy; we both felt that it must be short, and when the brief space is past, we shall be reunited in more perfect and inseparable bonds. The Lord was with her in her most trying hours; he has been with me, and in all the bitterness of the cup put into my hands, he has sweetly mingled the richest consolation, and sustained me with his almighty arm. And I know he will be with you to sustain and support you; so that you may cheerfully submit to his will, and never entertain one regret that you gave her to his service. O how

often did she speak of the delight and happiness it afforded her, to be permitted to come; and of the pleasing hope that some of her dear brothers and sisters might be privileged to join her in heathen lands. It was her rejoicing, even on her death-bed, that she had come; and she wished me particularly to say that she had not one regret at the thought of dying for Christ. If we have not reason to rejoice in our tribulation, who can have? And now that we have dropped the tear of affection and hallowed grief, let us seek our consolation in Christ; let us devote ourselves more unreservedly to his service that like our dearly beloved Anna, we may be prepared with joy to welcome his coming in triumph over the last enemy, and to go and reign forever with our glorious King in the New Jerusalem.

The following extracts of a letter from Mr. Morrison to Walter Lowrie, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the Board, contain some further particulars of interest in regard to this melancholy event.

"Oh how often have I had occasion to recur to our last interview, and bring to mind your parting exhortations. How often have I been called to test the truth of your remarks, about "rejoicing in tribulation." Many have been the seasons of bitter anguish of soul through which I have, since that time, been called to pass. But in them all the Lord has sustained me. Not only his staff, but his *rod* has been my comfort. What interpreter, like the hand of God upon us, can ever explain such passages as these, "thy *rod* and thy staff they comfort me;" "rejoicing in tribulation." To the world this is a paradox; but oh! how plain does the hand of God upon his children make it to them. Long before this reaches you, I suppose you will be made acquainted with the sore bereavement with which the Lord has visited me. I had felt that such a visitation would make the cup of affliction overflow; but the Lord has been as good as his word, and far better than my guilty, unbelieving fears. He has not called me to suffer more than he has enabled me to bear. And while he has severed

the tenderest of all my earthly ties; while he has caused the heart of nature to bleed; he has also strengthened the heart with grace and made faith to triumph. In the bitterest portion of the cup he has called me to drink, he has mingled some of the richest and sweetest mercies. Those very sufferings which my beloved wife was called to endure, and which tried me to the very soul, brought to light the brightness of her hopes, and the strength of her faith. But while I am thus comforted in the assurance of the glory and blessedness which she has inherited, the very evidence upon which that assurance rests convinces me of what I have lost; of what the church has lost; of what a dying world has lost. The perfect calmness and composure with which she faced the king of terrors, in one of his most frightful forms, would have led an observer to the conclusion, that stupefying drugs, or the hand of death, had deprived her of bodily or mental feeling, had it not been for the violent paroxysms of agony she suffered, and the clearness and intel-

ligence with which she spoke to those around her."

After giving some of the particulars contained in the previous letter, he proceeds:

"I have not attempted even a sketch of what passed on that gloomy, joyful day. I have only mentioned a very few facts, such as come first to mind, to show the spirit with which she triumphed over the last enemy, and to show what cause I have both to mourn and rejoice. O what a blank that day made in the world for me! I can yet hardly realize it. It still appears as if I should soon wake from a dream, and find her by my side. But every time I take the deserted chair; the solitary hour when I was wont to commune with her of the things of the kingdom; my lonely walk; and, more than all, that vacant place I observe at the throne of grace; all, all make me feel that it is no dream. Every recurring memorial of my dear departed companion tears open the

closing wound, and makes it bleed afresh. But while I weep, I trust the Lord has enabled me to rejoice. His *rod* and his staff are my comfort. I do rejoice that she is free from the toils and sufferings of this gloomy wilderness, and that she has had so abundantly administered to her an entrance upon her heavenly inheritance; and I rejoice in the thought, that God may, by this affliction, be preparing me for greater usefulness in the world, and brighter glory in heaven.

"You may wish to know how she felt about having left all her large circle of endeared friends and relatives only to come to a heathen land to set her house in order and then die. Her own language on this subject was: 'Tell them all at home, much as I love them, and fondly as my heart clings to them, tell them all I am not sorry that I have left them all for Christ, though it be but to die in his service; no, tell them I rejoice that I have been permitted to enjoy the privilege.' This, as near as I can recollect, is her own language. I know it was the feeling of her heart, often expressed,

both in health and sickness. It was not the mere ebullition of a moment of excitement; it was a settled feeling of the soul; a ripened principle. She had no ecstasies; all was calm and serene as the cloudless setting of a summer's sun.

"Thus you will perceive that, although I have been called to pass through the furnace, heated seven times hotter than usual, there has been 'one like the Son of God' with me, to sustain me, and afford me the delightful assurance that it was heated only by a father's love.

"She died on Saturday evening, just three weeks after she landed; and on Sabbath evening I saw her remains deposited, agreeably to her own wish, beside those of your own much lamented daughter-in-law. Lovely were they in life, lovely in death; and there, although strangers to each other in this pilgrimage, they will sleep together until the morning of the resurrection; when with us, I trust, they shall rise and go to be ever with the Lord. 'Wherefore let us comfort one another with these words.'"

The mournful yet pleasing task assigned us, is now nearly accomplished. We have followed our dear departed friend to the close of her short career on earth. It might accord with our feelings to indulge in some general remarks upon her character, but we deem them uncalled for. She needs no eulogy to exalt her in the estimation of those who knew her; and to the stranger, we prefer to leave the few and simple memorials of her life to speak for themselves. Though we have been called to contemplate nothing eccentric, or splendid, in human character, yet we have here exhibited for our admiration, the useful and the true. We shall always remember, and love her, as the dutiful child; the affectionate sister; the devoted wife; the faithful friend; the sincere, and warm-hearted Christian; and in feeling and purpose, the self-sacrificing missionary of the cross. Her spirit deserves to be cherished, for it was the spirit of the gospel; and her conduct is worthy of imitation, for she walked in the footsteps of her ascended Saviour. But while we add no remarks of our own, we feel a pleasure in re

cording the following testimony to her worth, from one who knew her long and intimately.

"I may here indulge in the expression of my own views of her qualifications for usefulness in the missionary work. The more I saw of her, the more I was encouraged to expect much from her efforts on the field of labor. Her whole soul was wrapped up in the work and honor of her Master; and her prayers for the heathen seemed to flow from a heart burdened with anxious desires for their salvation. She was zealous in the sacred cause. She was winning in her address to those whom she wished to benefit; and appeared in every way adapted to be eminently and extensively useful. From all I knew of Mrs. Morrison, and from all I have seen in my intercourse with missionaries, for several years, I feel warranted in saying, that her qualifications for usefulness would have placed her among the very first of her fellow laborers, had she been permitted to make the experiment. As a Christian she was devoted, humble, heavenly-minded, and an ardent lover of peace. In society, she was courteous, unobtru-

sive, and diffident of her own abilities. Her conversation was chiefly of heavenly things; and she was constantly endeavoring to elevate the standard of piety and devotedness among those around her. It is not meant that she was prepared to shine in circles of fashion, or of worldly gayety and grandeur. For these she had no relish; nor was she one who would *shine* at all, in the eyes of any but those who regard deep, devoted piety, and practical usefulness, as the brightest ornaments of the female character. She possessed 'the meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price,' and those solid attractions which won for her the admiration and love of those who knew her best."

Beloved sister in Christ, thou art gone! Thy race on earth was short; and thy work of faith and labor of love were well and early done. We mourn sincerely over thy untimely grave; but we mourn not as those who are without hope. A deep mystery hangs over thy death; but not over thine alone. But what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. We submissively

wait until it shall be revealed in heaven. We can believe it was well, and wisely ordered. Thou wert beloved in life, and in death thou art not forgotten. The image of thy placid face and mild blue eye still dwells in the memory; and thy virtues are enshrined in the heart. Thou hast fallen asleep far from thy kindred and country,—a stranger in a strange land,—but thy dust is sacred. And the "missionary's grave" will be guarded safely until the resurrection of the just.

'And so farewell, * * My sainted friend,
Whose bright example, not without rebuke
Admonisheth, that home, and ease, and wealth,
And native land,—are well exchanged for heaven."

THE END.

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